



THE FLINTSTONES

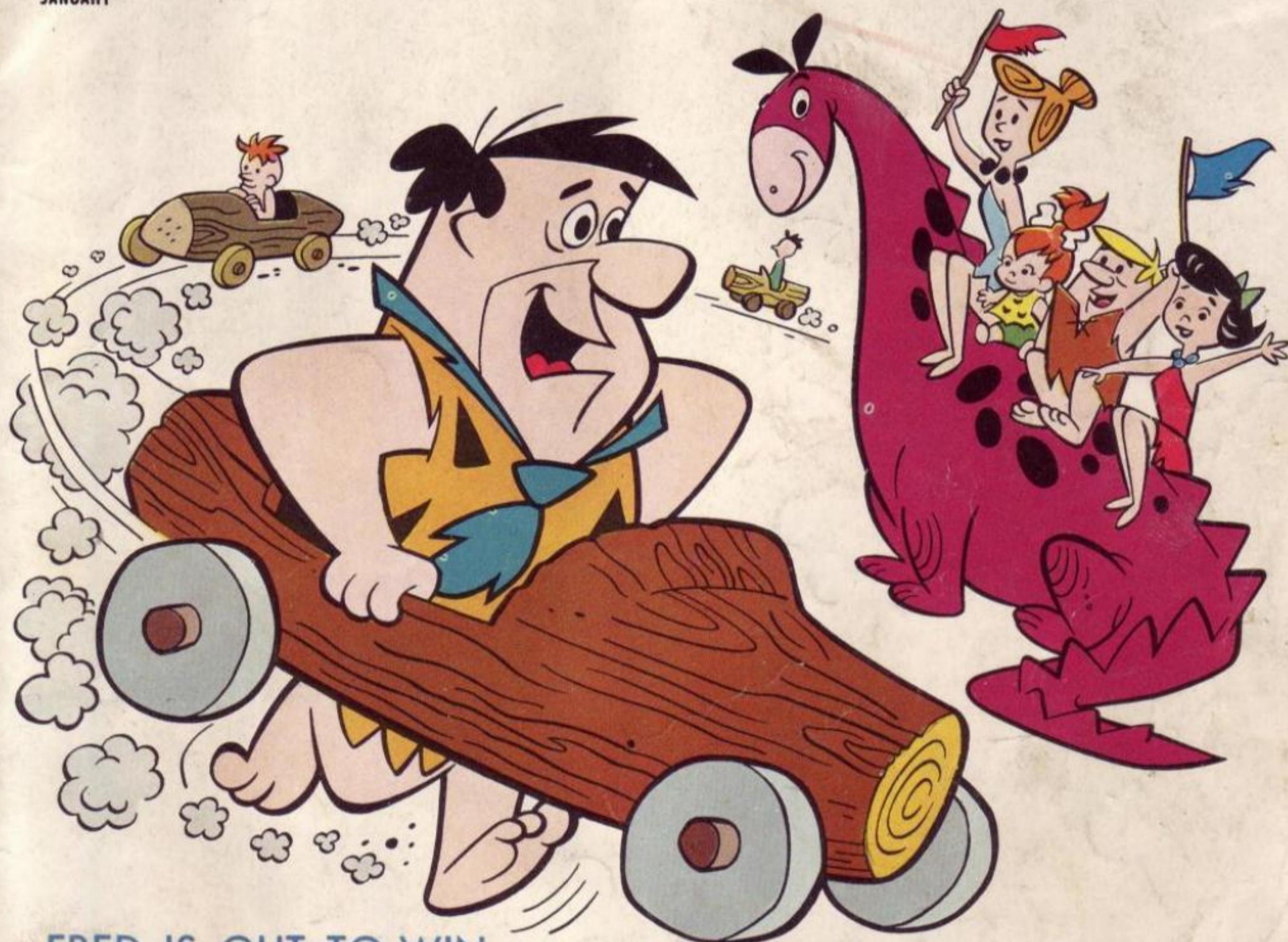
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HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES



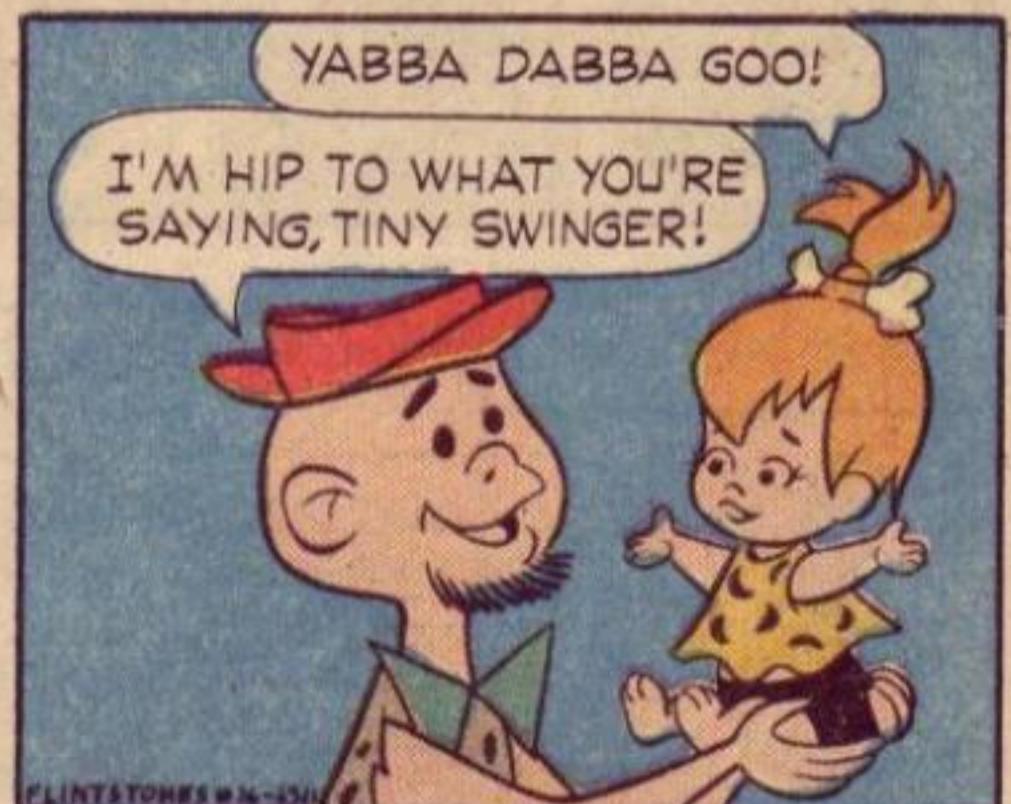
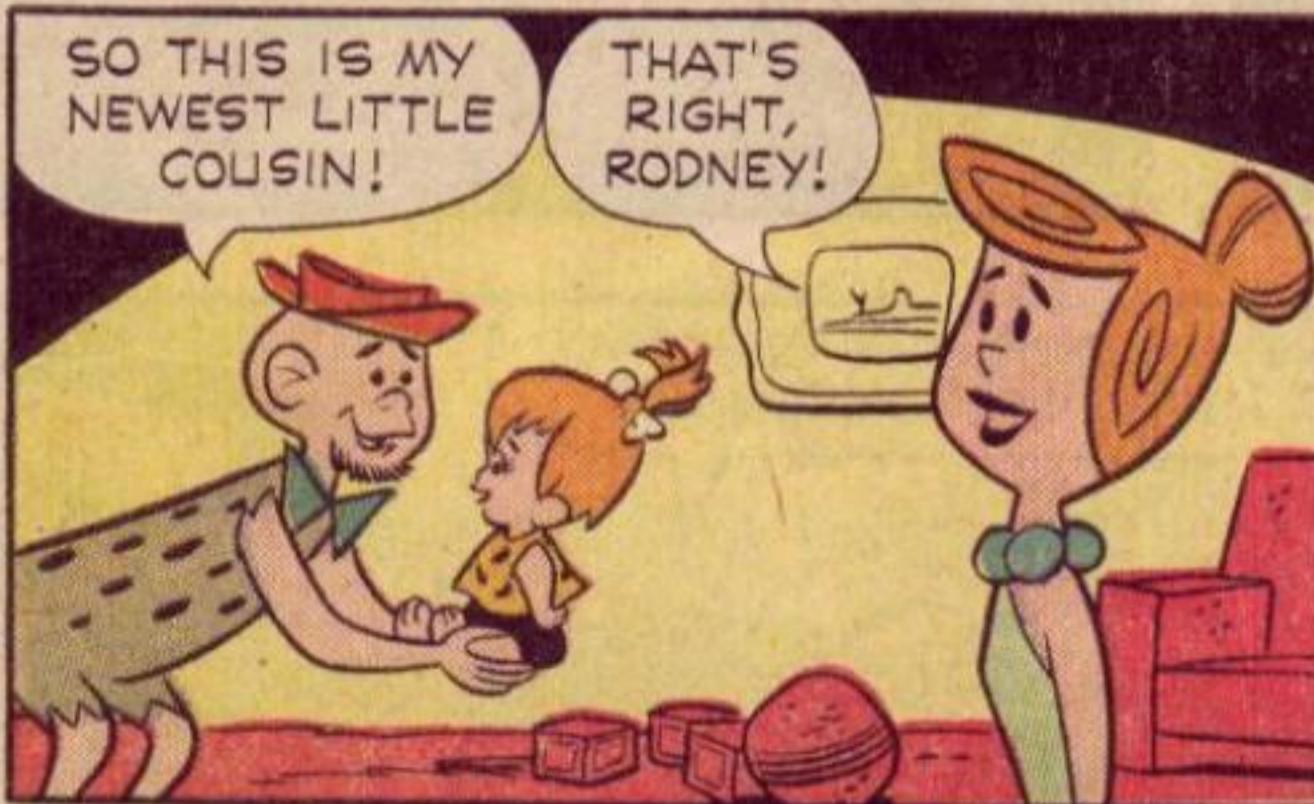
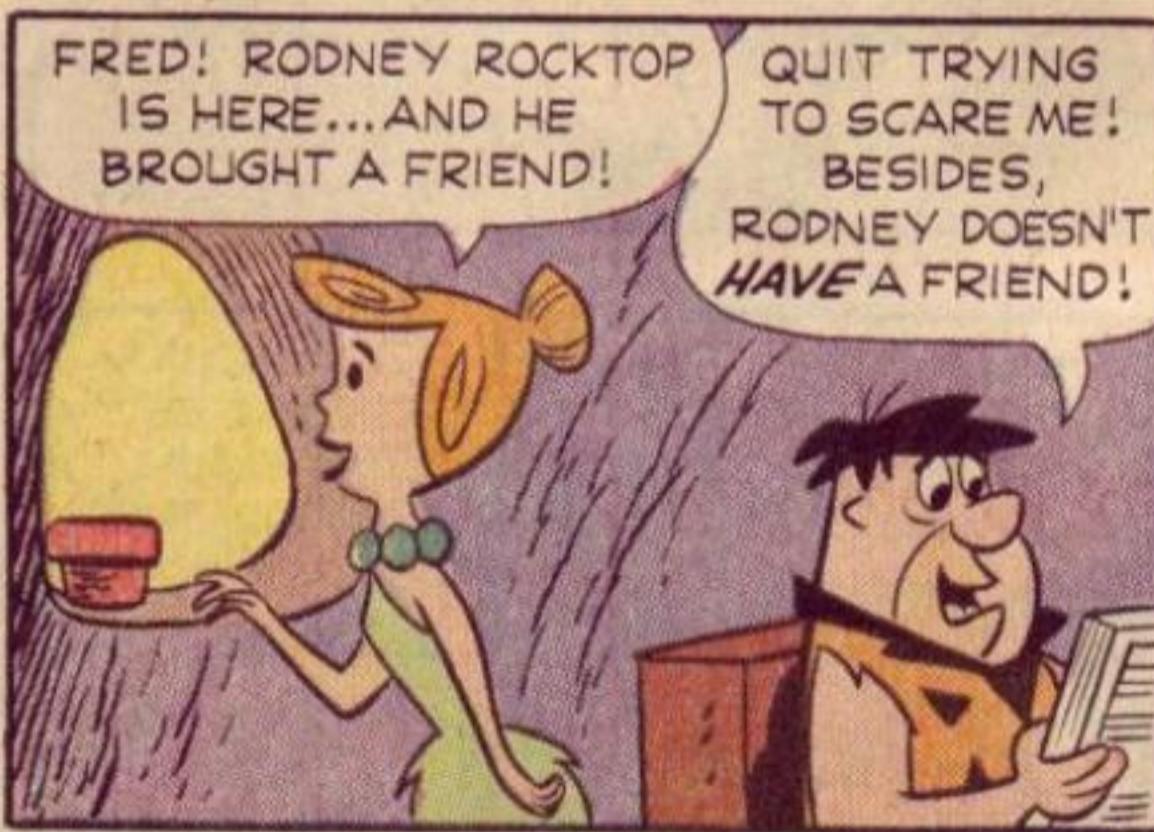
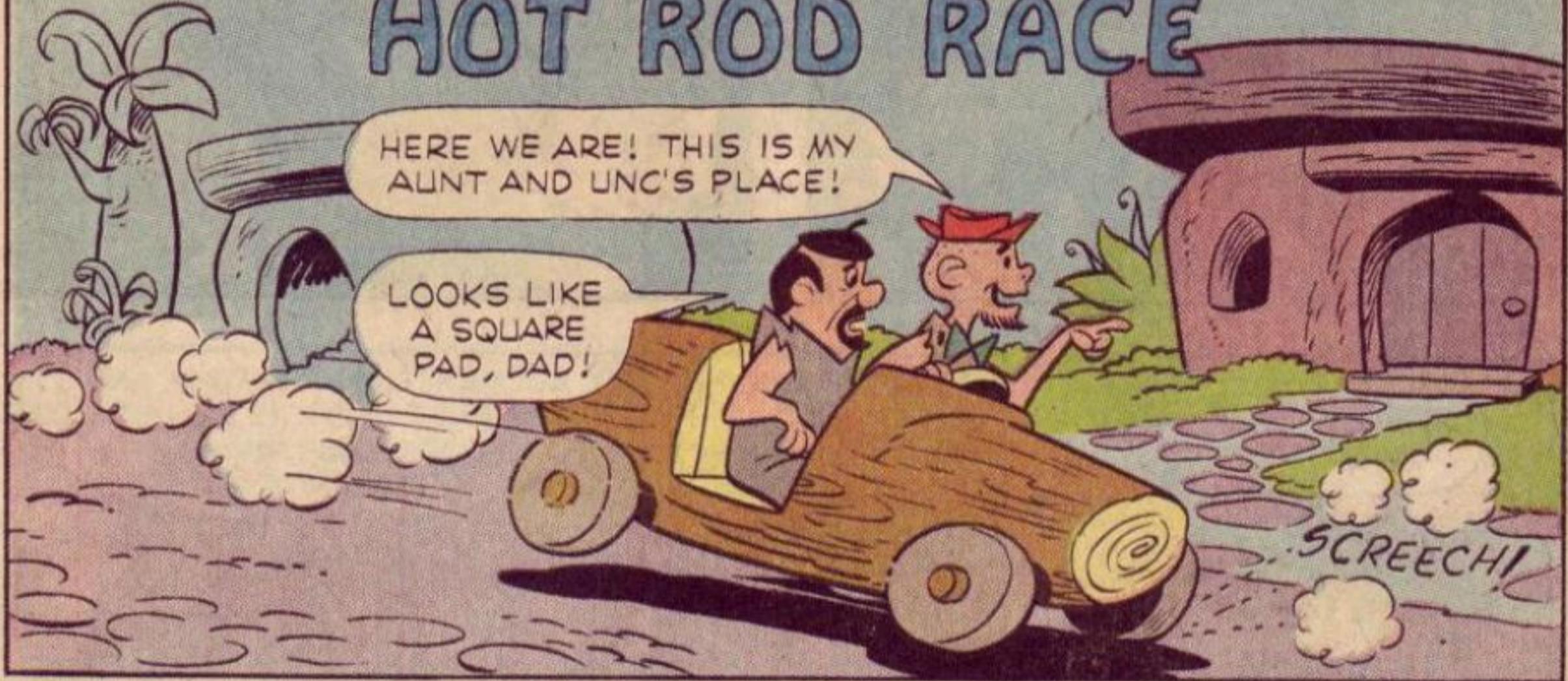
FRED IS OUT TO WIN
THE GREAT STONE AGE HOT ROD RACE

INTRODUCING
THE RUBBLES'
NEW BUNDLE
OF NOISE...



Hanna-Barbera THE FLINTSTONES

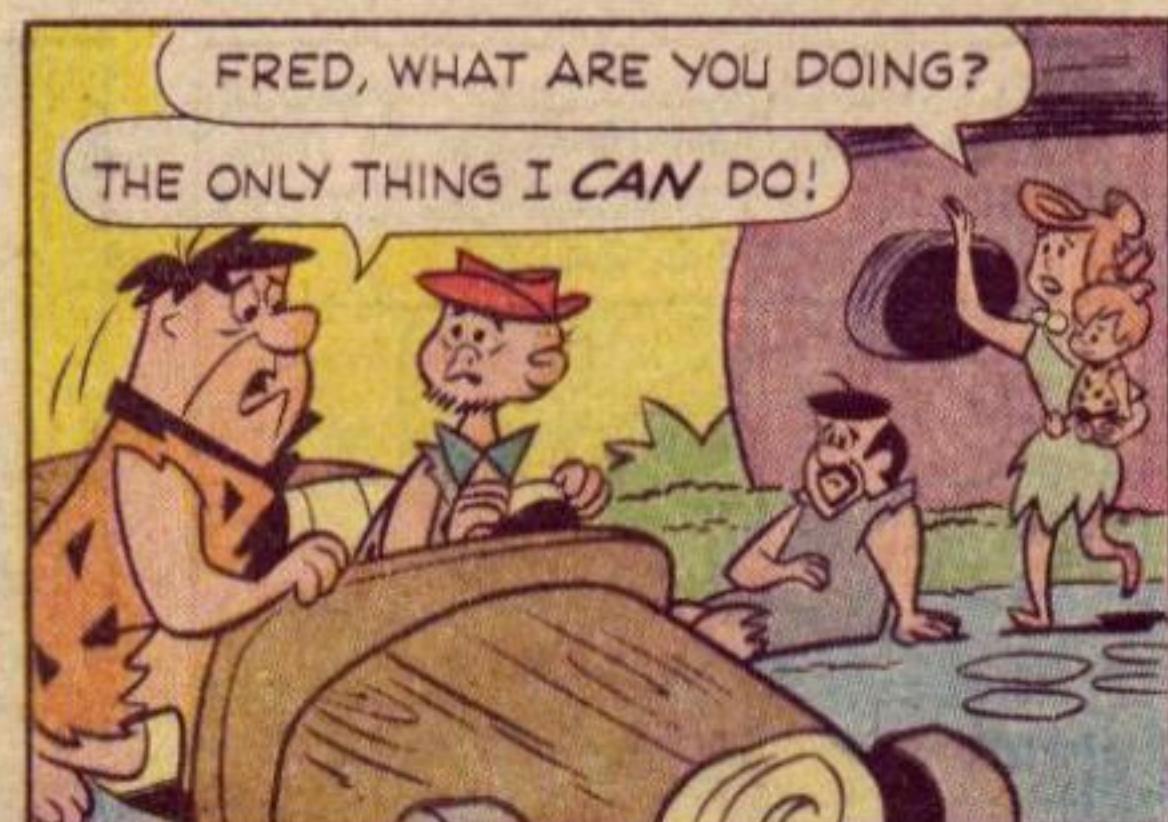
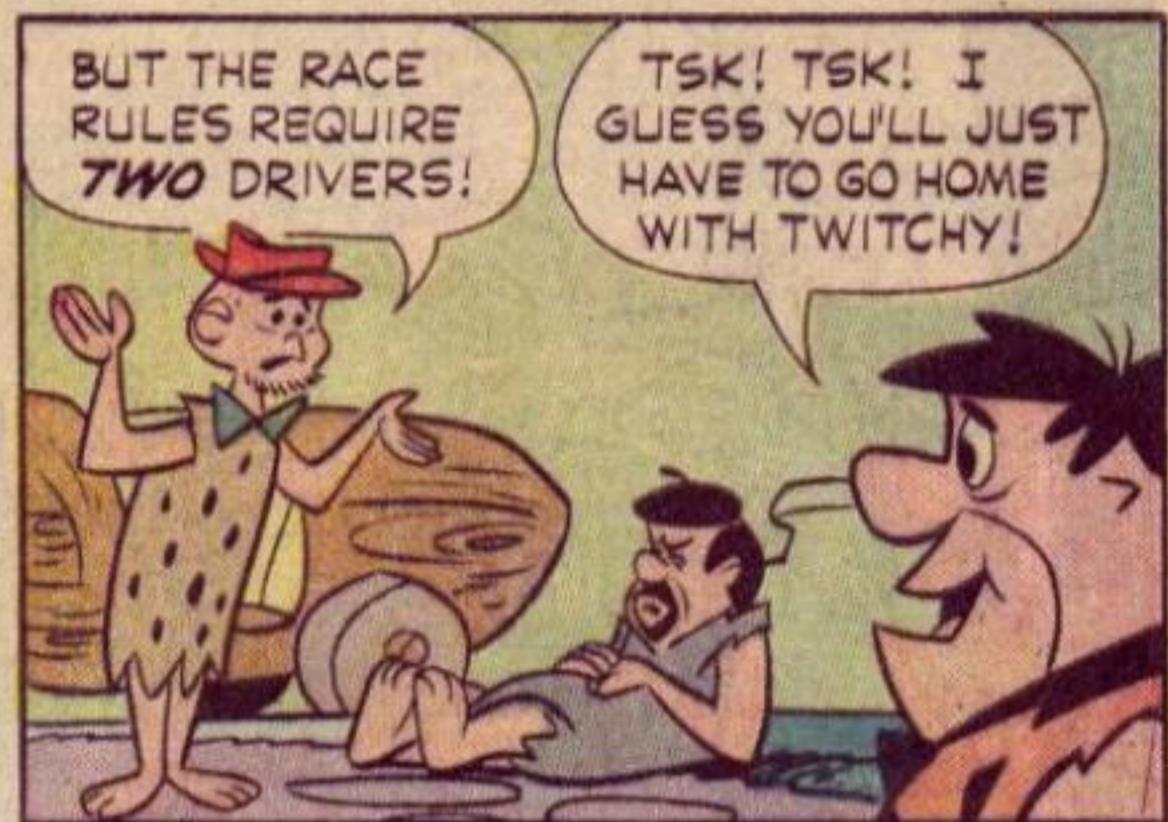
THE GREAT STONE AGE HOT ROD RACE

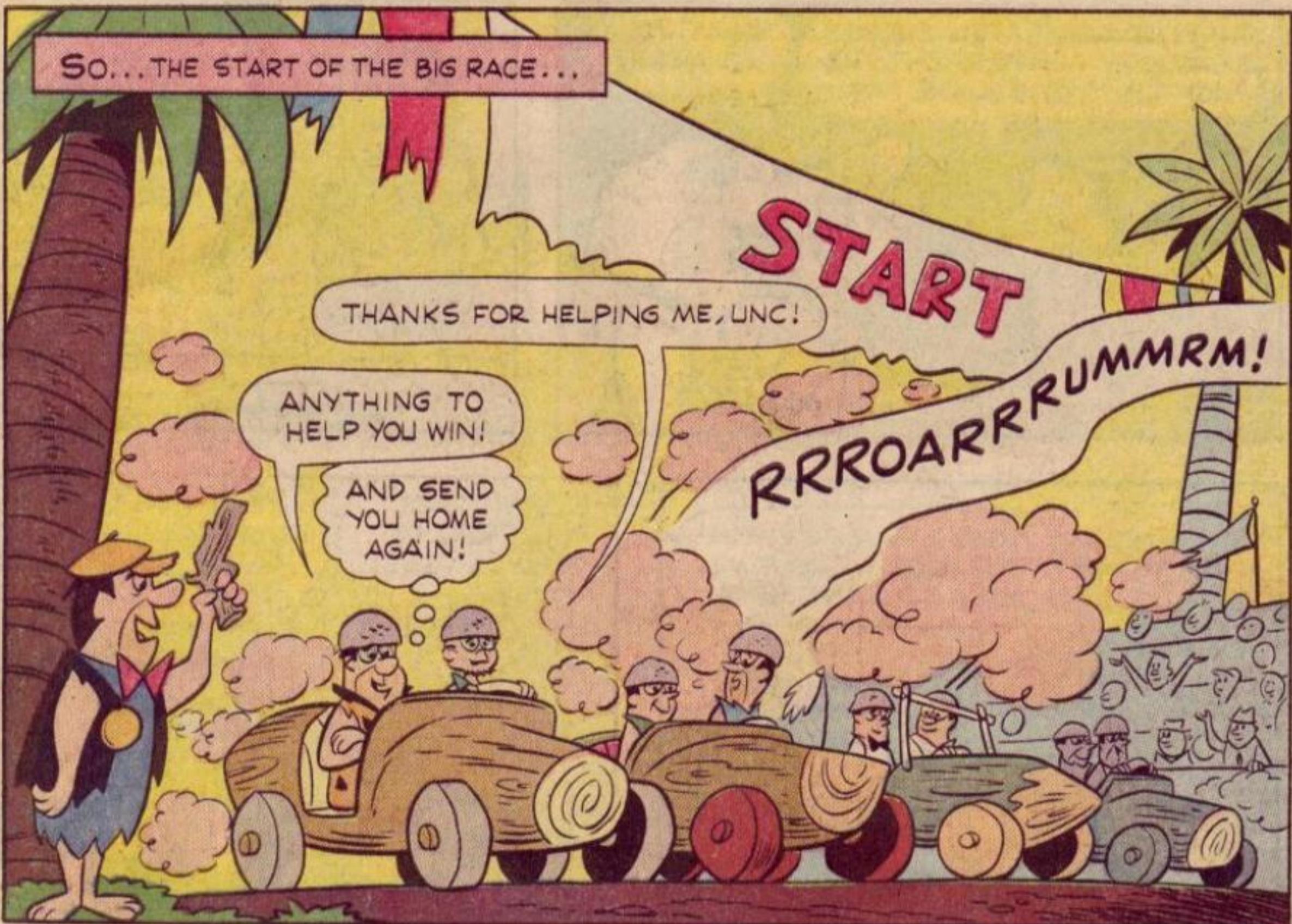


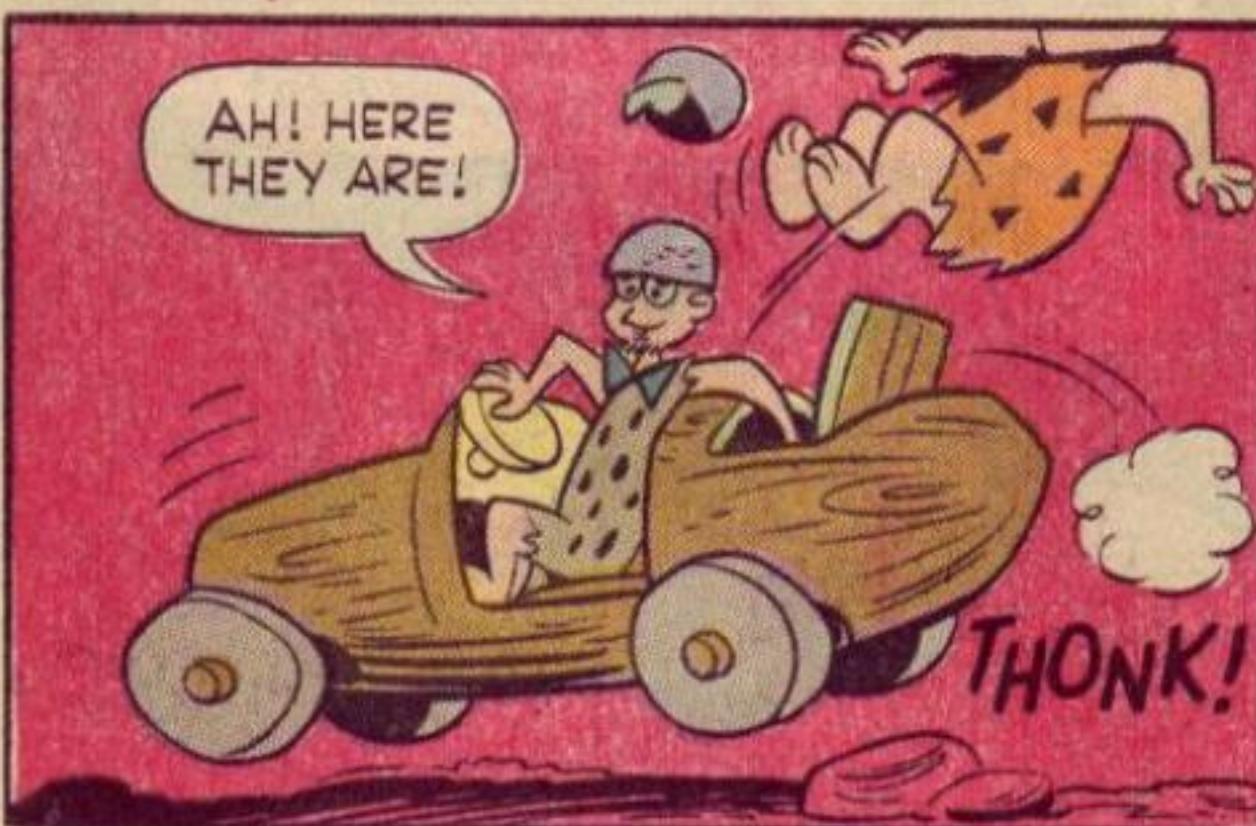
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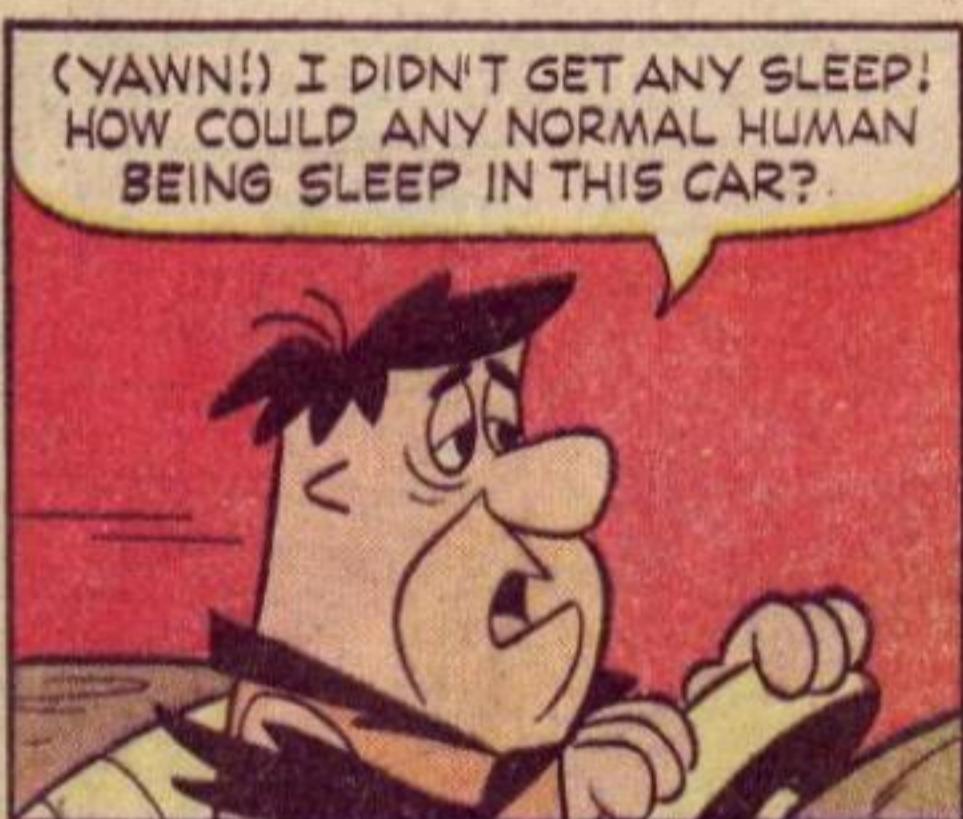
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FRED MAY NOT BE ASLEEP, BUT HE'S DROWSY ENOUGH TO TURN OFF ON THE WRONG ROAD...

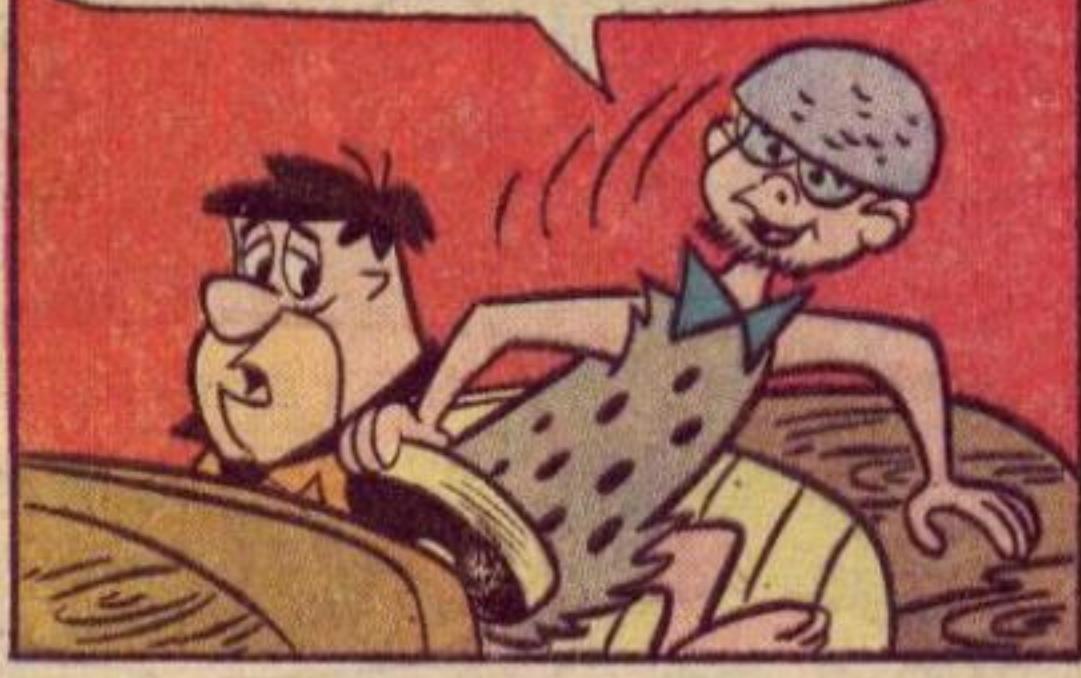


DAYBREAK...

GMPH! I HAD A GOOD SLEEP! HEY! HOW COME WE'RE GOING SO SLOW?

I FEEL SLOW!

LET ME HAVE THAT WHEEL! I'LL SHOW YOU SOME HOT ROD DRIVING!



SOON...

HEY! THAT MUST BE THE FINISH LINE UP THERE... AND NO OTHER CARS IN SIGHT!



I MUST'VE GOT TURNED AROUND LAST NIGHT ON THAT SIDE ROAD!

(SIGH!) THAT MEANS I'LL HAVE TO STICK AROUND FOR NEXT WEEK'S RACE!



OH, NO IT DOESN'T! WE'RE PICKING UP YOUR FRIEND AND I'M MAKING SURE YOU BOTH GO HOME!

BUT, UNC...



So...

WOW! LIKE, WHY COULDN'T YOU DRIVE IN THE RACE THE WAY YOU'RE DRIVING US HOME?

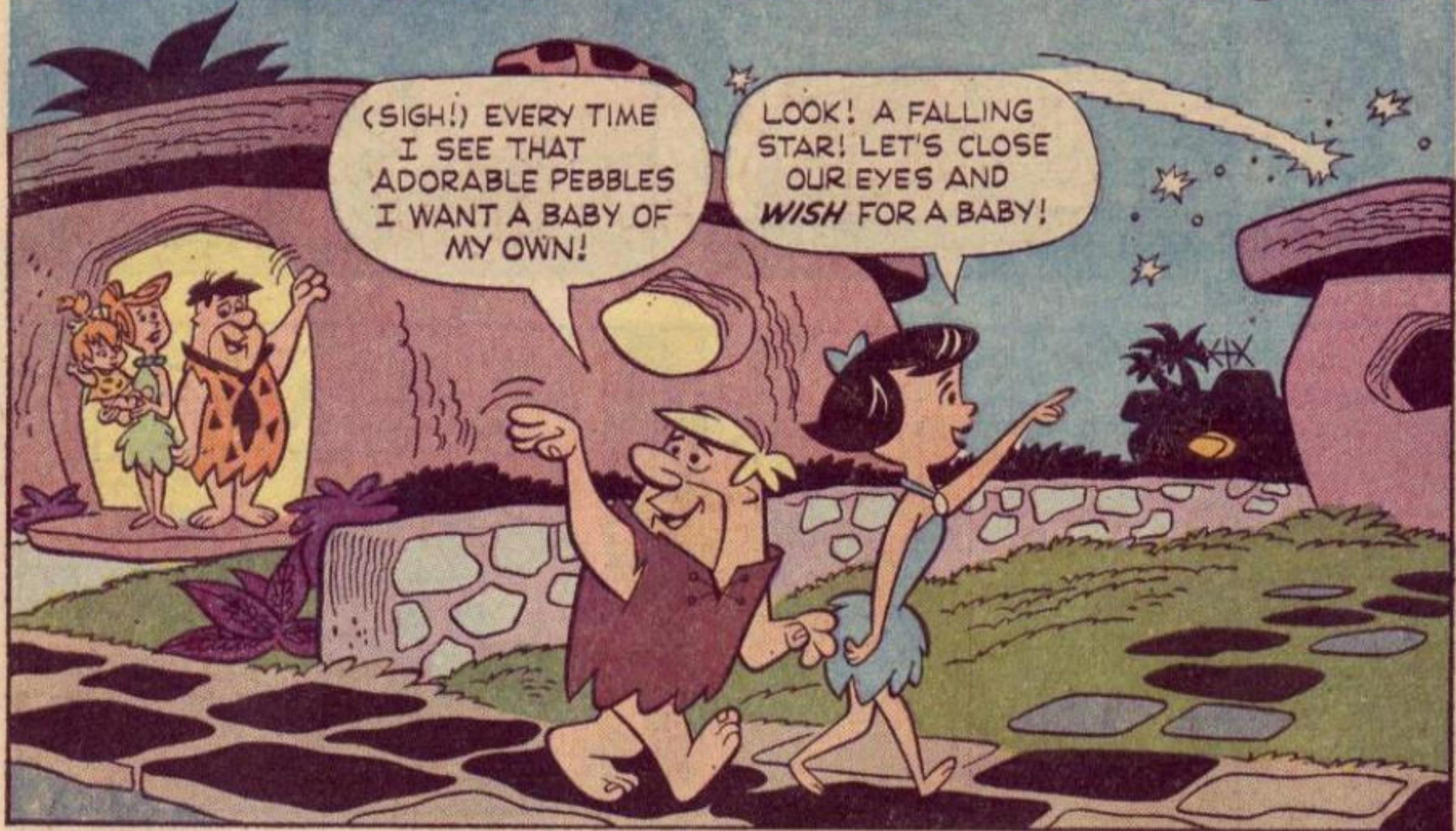
MAN, LIKE, I DIDN'T HAVE AS GOOD A REASON AS I DO NOW!

RRROAAARR!



Hanna-Barbera BAMM-BAMM

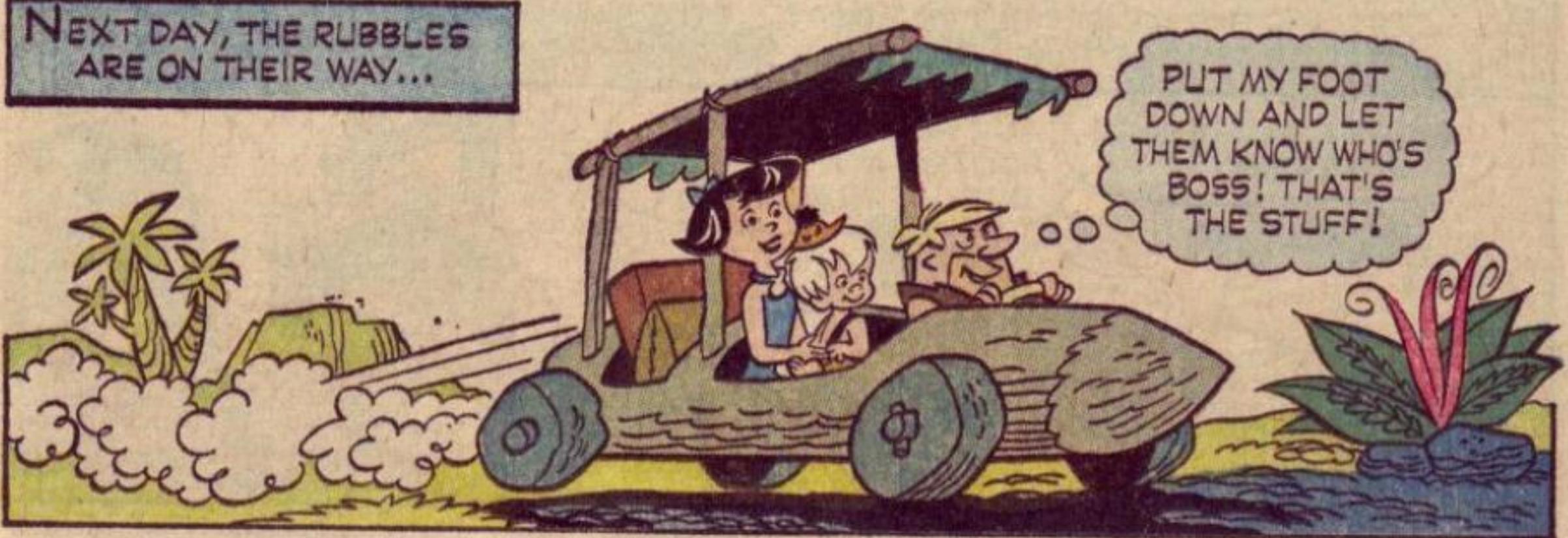
A WISH COME TRUE







NEXT DAY, THE RUBBLES ARE ON THEIR WAY...



SOON THE RUBBLES ARE AT BETTY'S MOTHER'S APARTMENT...

HE'S SO ADORABLE!
I JUST KNOW HE
COULD WIN THE
SALT ROCK CITY
BABY BEAUTY
CONTEST!

UH-OH! LOOKS LIKE
IT'S TIME TO LET THEM
KNOW WHO'S BOSS
AROUND HERE!

NO SON OF MINE IS GOING TO
ENTER A SISSY BABY CONTEST,
AND THAT'S FINAL!

SHORTLY...

ITTY BAMM-BAMM IS
GOING TO A
BABY CONTEST!

AT LEAST
THEY KNOW
WHO'S BOSS
NOW! THEY
ARE!

(GRUMBLE!) HE LOOKS MORE LIKE
A GIRL THAN A BOY!

NONSENSE! HE'S CUTE
THAT WAY!

CUTE? HMPH! YOU'D RATHER
BE ROUGH AND TOUGH LIKE
YOUR POP, RIGHT?

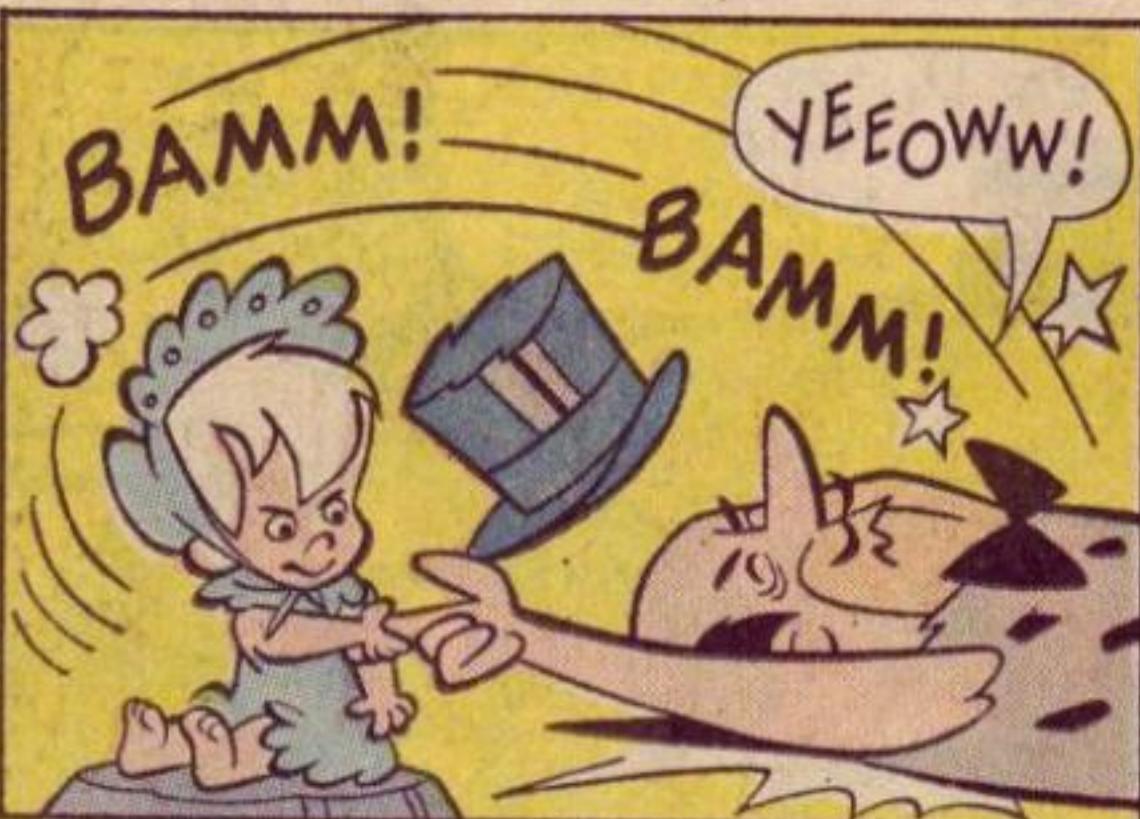
BAMM! BAMM-BAMM!

AT THE BABY SHOW...

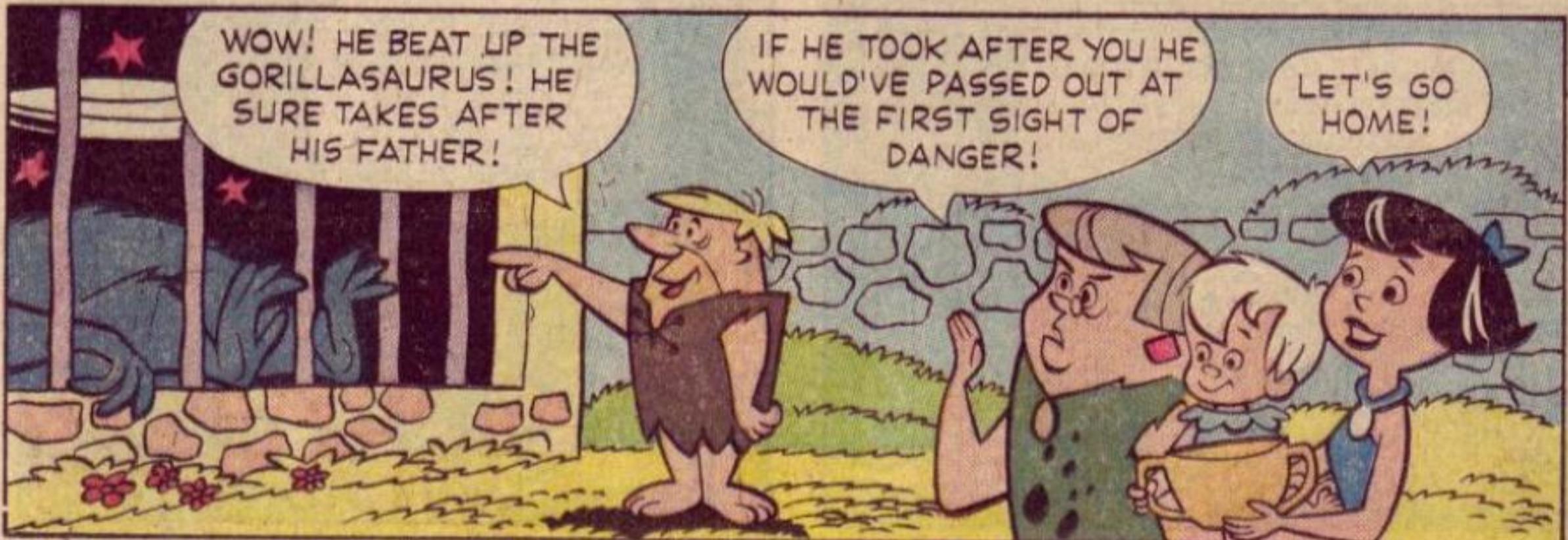
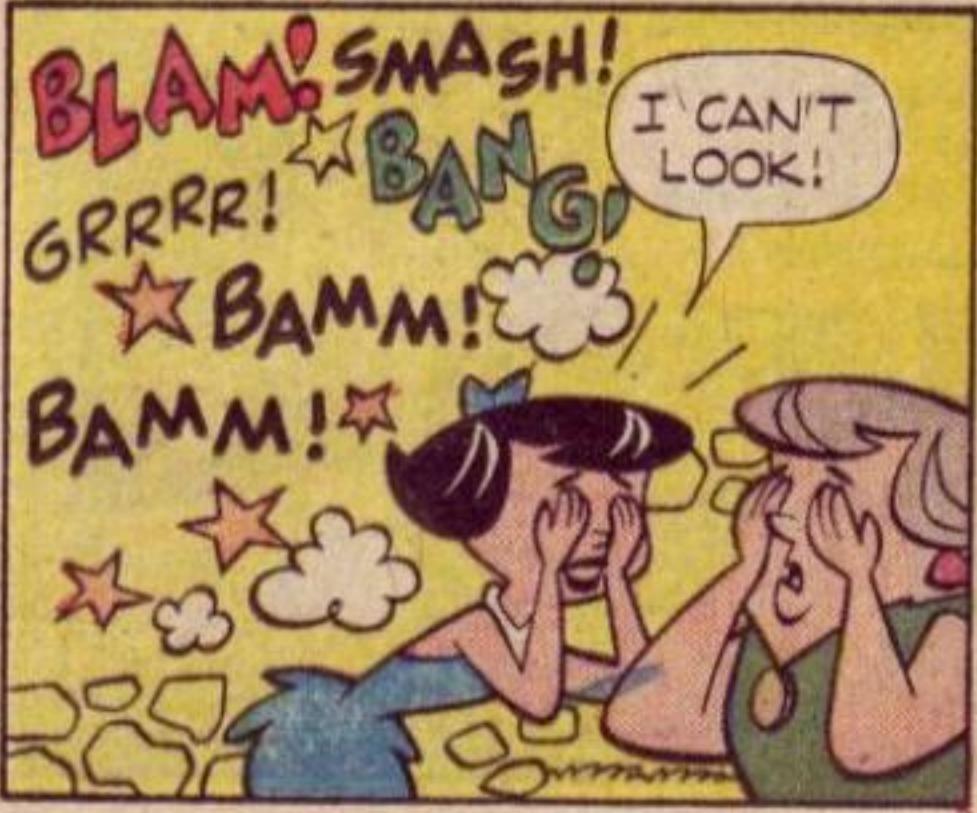
SALT ROCK CITY
BEAUTIFUL BABY
CONTEST

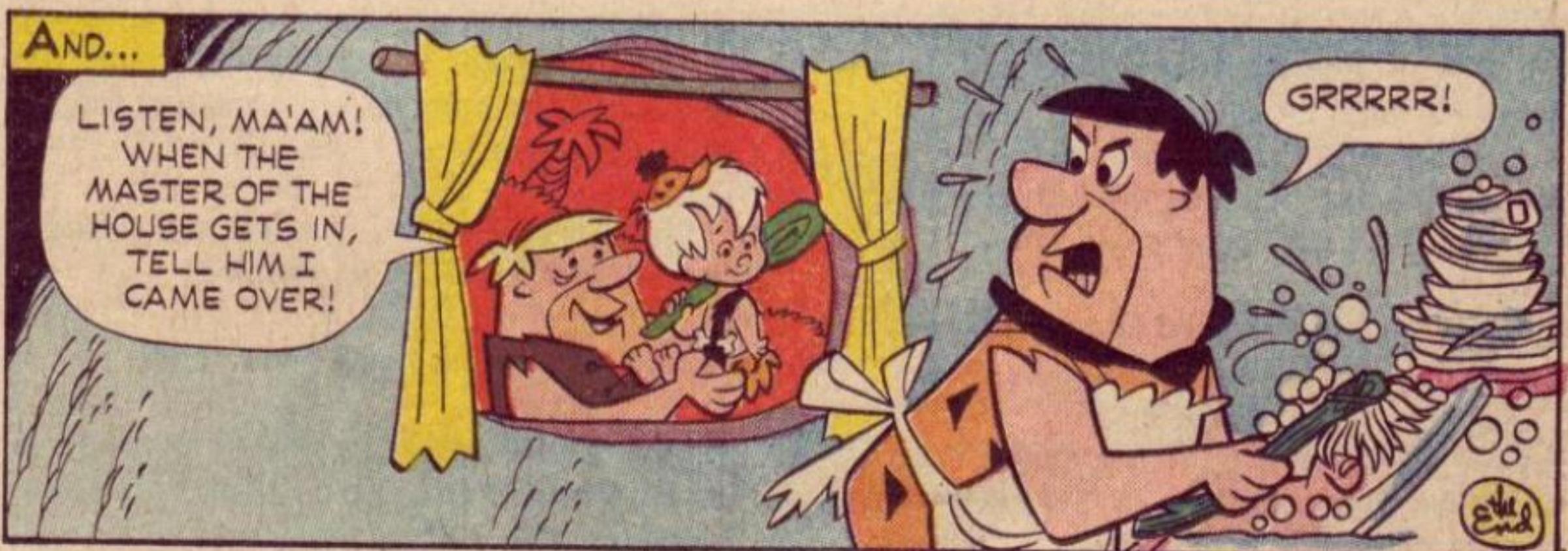
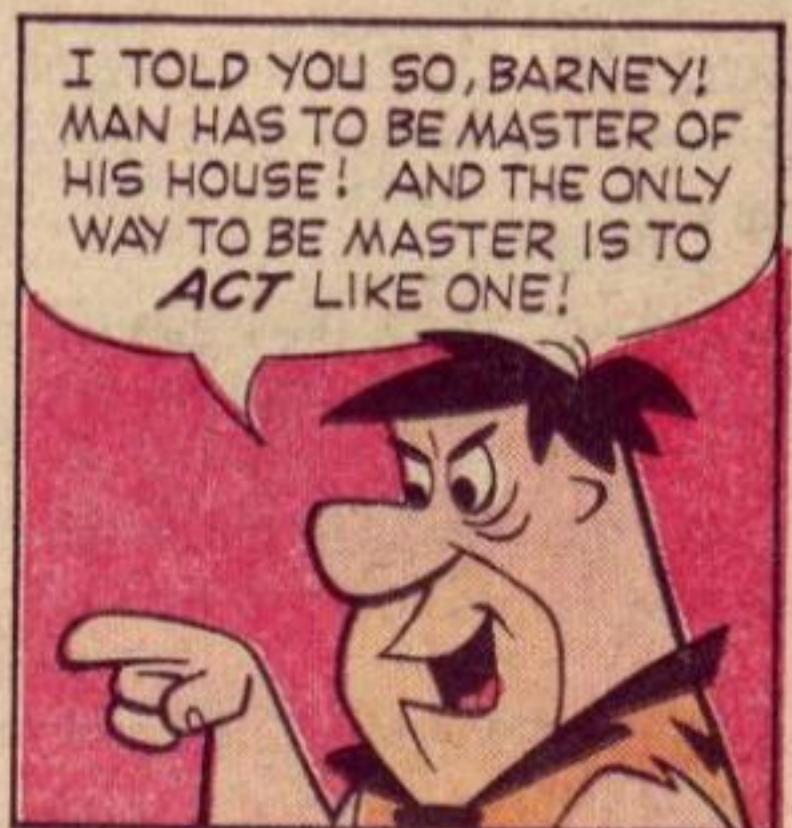
FIRST PRIZE TO
RICKY ROCK AS THE
CUTEST BOY BABY!

WELL, WE MIGHT
AS WELL GO HOME!









DIARY OF A PRIVATE EYE



8:20 A.M.—Captured a gang of international smugglers and received a ten-thousand-dollar reward.

8:30 A.M.—The alarm clock woke me up from my dream. Jumped out of bed.

8:36 A.M.—Stubbed toe on edge of bed as I rushed across room to turn off alarm.

8:36 to 8:55 A.M.—Cried and yelled.

8:56 A.M.—Threw alarm clock out.

9:00 A.M.—Put two three-minute eggs on to cook for my breakfast.

9:30 A.M.—Took the eggs off the stove and ate them. Tasted slightly overdone.

9:52 A.M.—Strapped on my gun and my badge and put on my hat. Left my apartment to go to the office.

9:52½ A.M.—Ran back to apartment. Took off my bathrobe and put on my suit.

10:10 A.M.—Arrived at the office and began my day's work.

4:45 P.M.—Just finished my fifth crossword puzzle . . . a pretty good day's work.

4:46 P.M.—A man walked into my office with a very big case for me.

4:52 P.M.—Case closed. The man opened it and filled my cooler with twenty-four bottles of soda pop.

5:29 P.M.—Started to slam the office door. Another day over. Slammed the door on Mrs. Winthrop \$. Gotdough's foot.

5:29 P.M. to 6:11 P.M.—She cried and yelled a lot about her sore foot.

6:11 P.M. to 6:40 P.M.—She cried and yelled a lot about losing her pet puppy. Offered me a hundred-dollar reward to find the lost puppy.

6:40½ P.M.—Started looking for puppy.

9:30 P.M.—Combed the city looking for the dog. Broke all the teeth in my comb.

9:42 P.M.—Saw a poodle and grabbed it. Found out it belonged to a very tall man with a very short temper. He hit me in the mouth for grabbing his poodle.

9:43 to 10:00 P.M.—Cried and yelled a lot. New teeth cost money.

10:20 P.M.—Began searching the woods on edge of town. Saw a cute black puppy with a white stripe down its back. Grabbed it and discovered it wasn't a puppy at all.

10:30 P.M.—Rushed home and burned my suit. Had to!

11:00 P.M.—Put on clean suit and then hurried to Mrs. Gotdough's house.

11:15 P.M.—Told Mrs. Gotdough that I could not find her puppy. She told me that she hadn't said "puppy," she had said "guppy" and that she'd found it a few minutes earlier. It was swimming with her other two thousand and four guppies in her huge fish tank. She explained she must have miscounted the fish that afternoon.

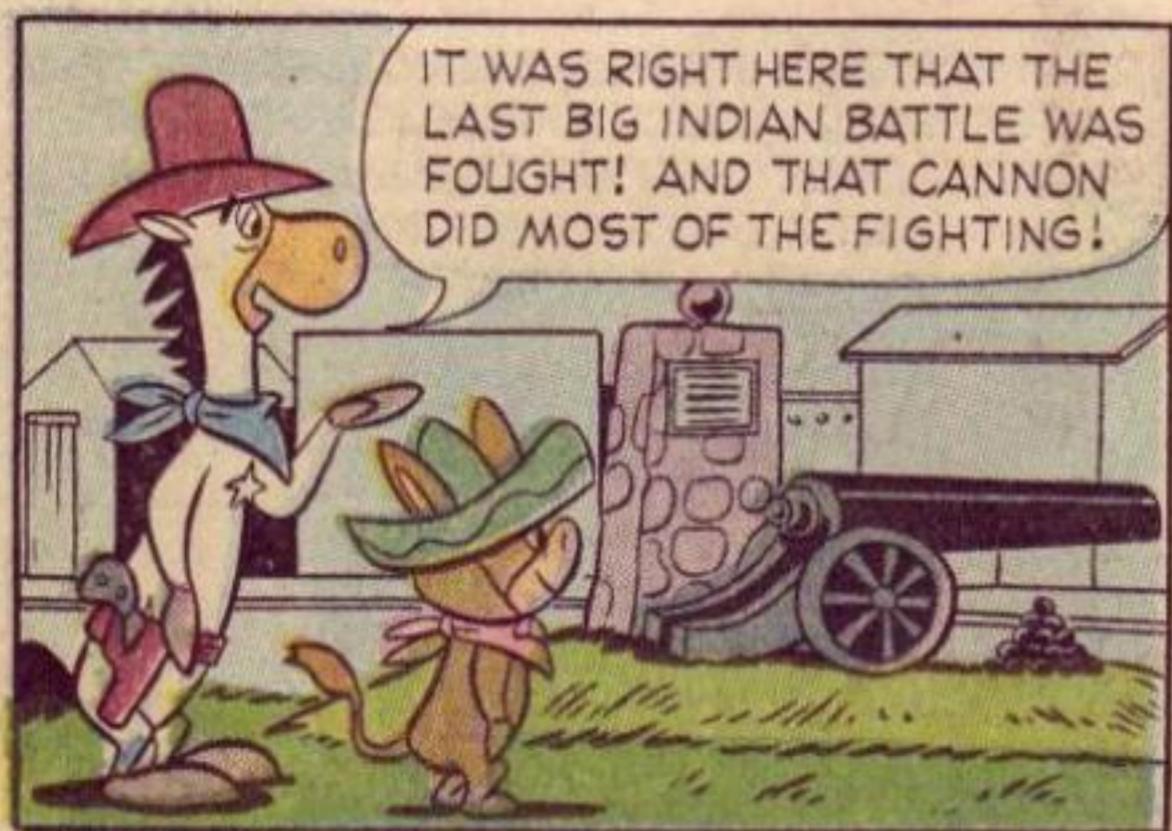
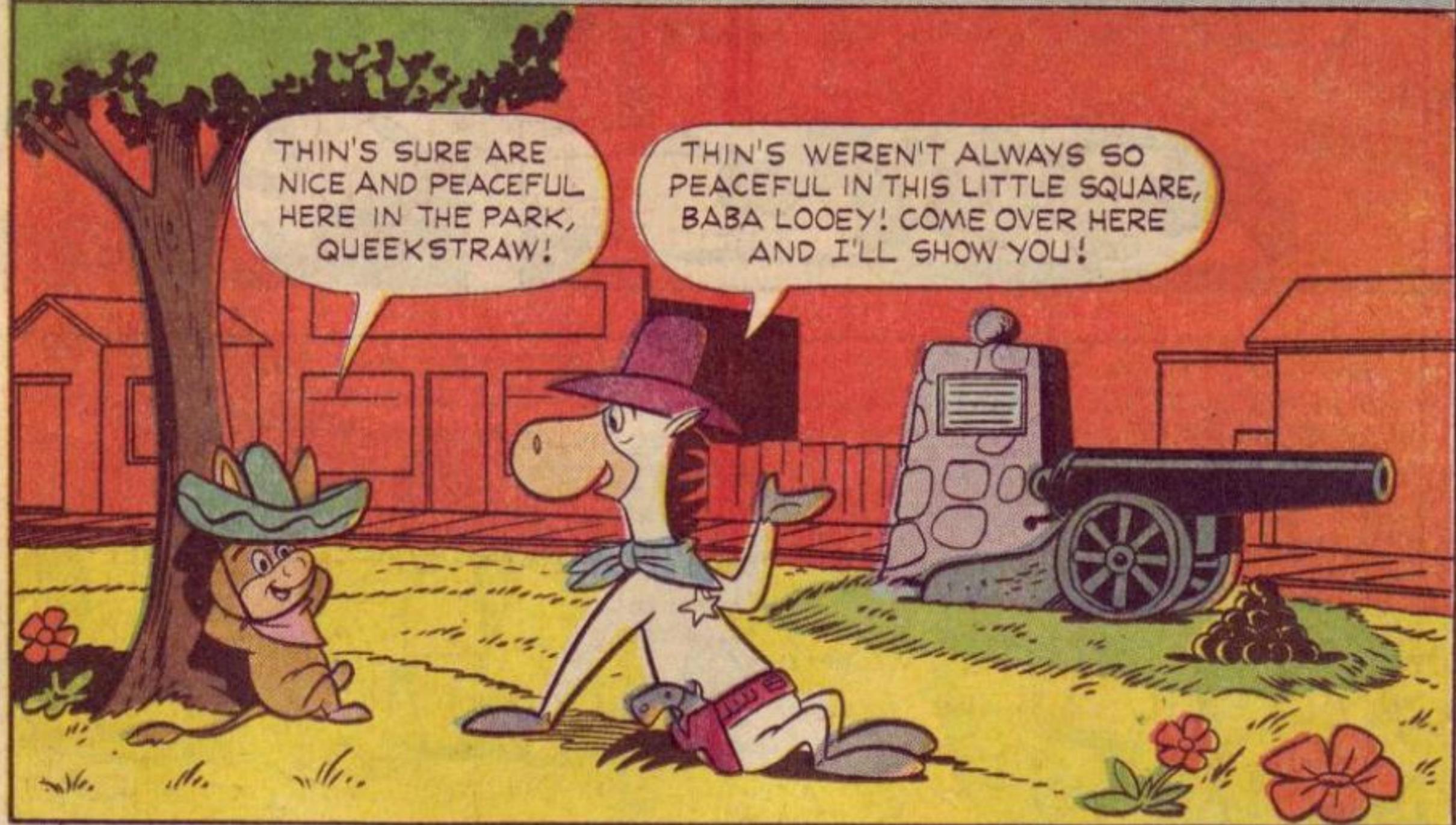
11:15 to 11:30 P.M.—I cried and yelled a lot. All that work . . . for nothing!

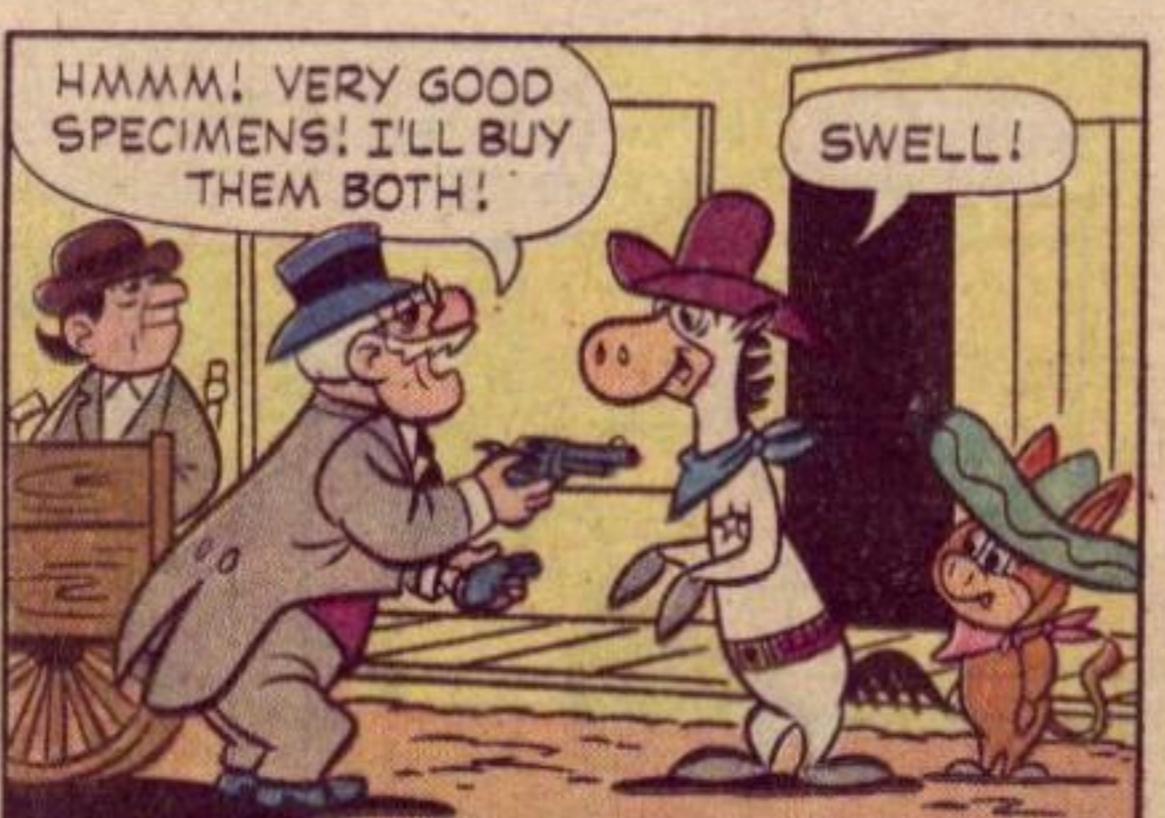
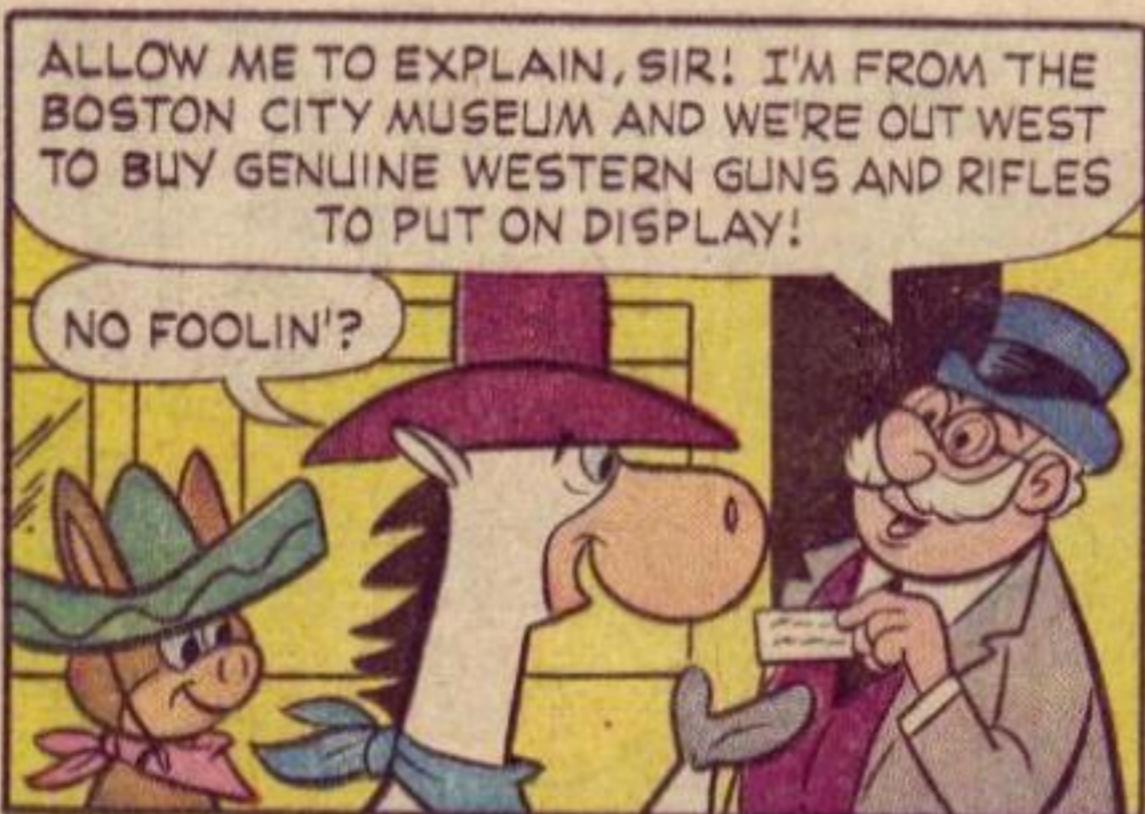
11:45 P.M.—Went home and to bed.

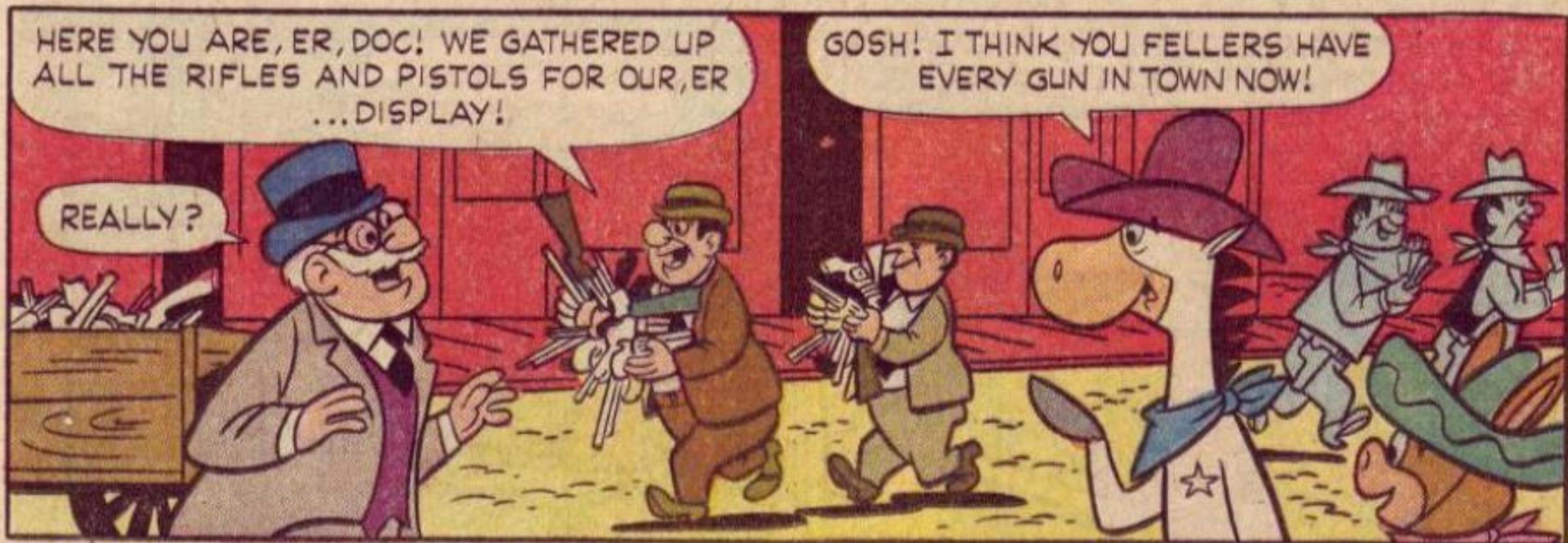
11:51 P.M.—Captured a gang of international smugglers and received a reward of ten thousand dollars!

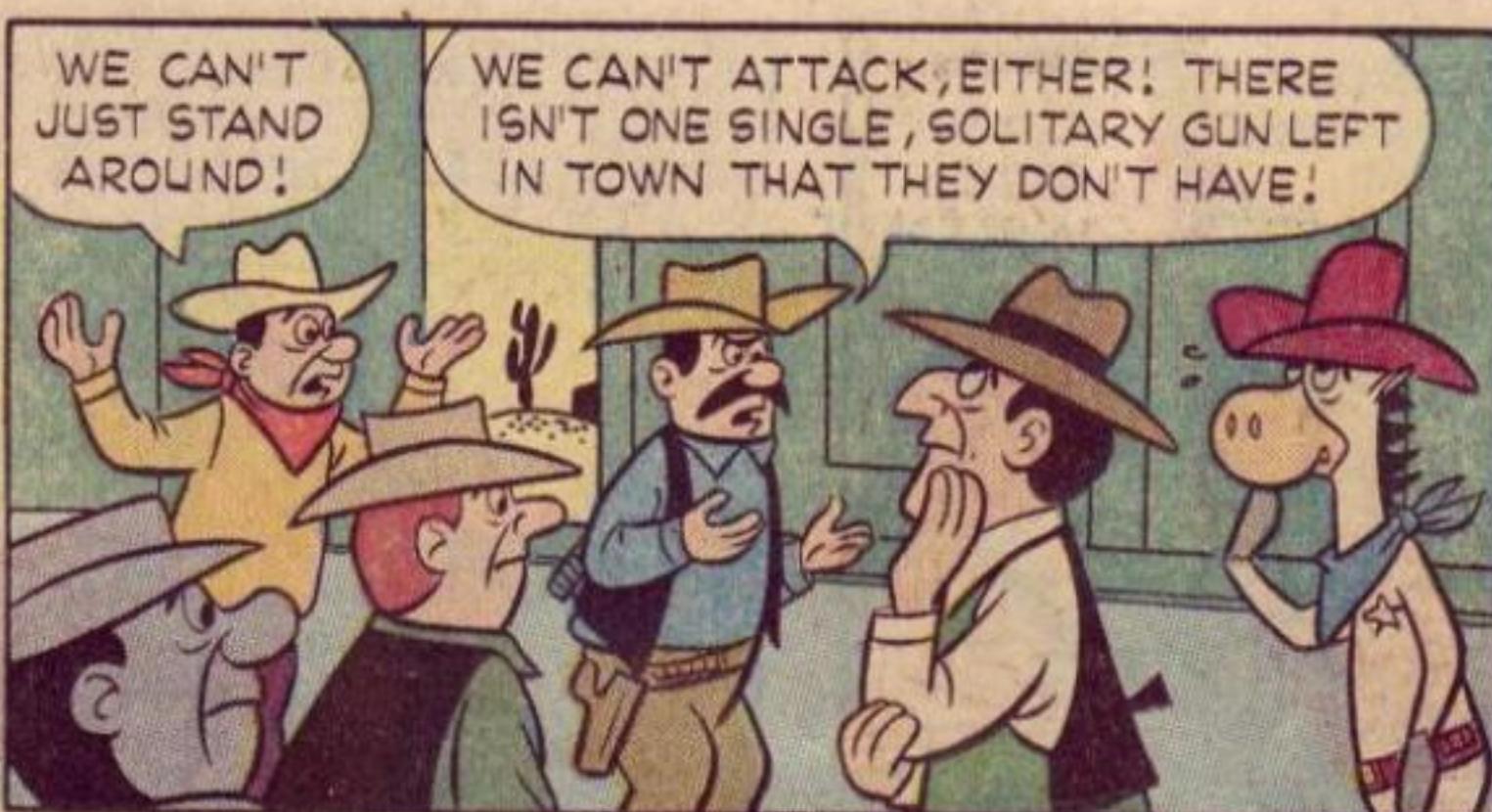
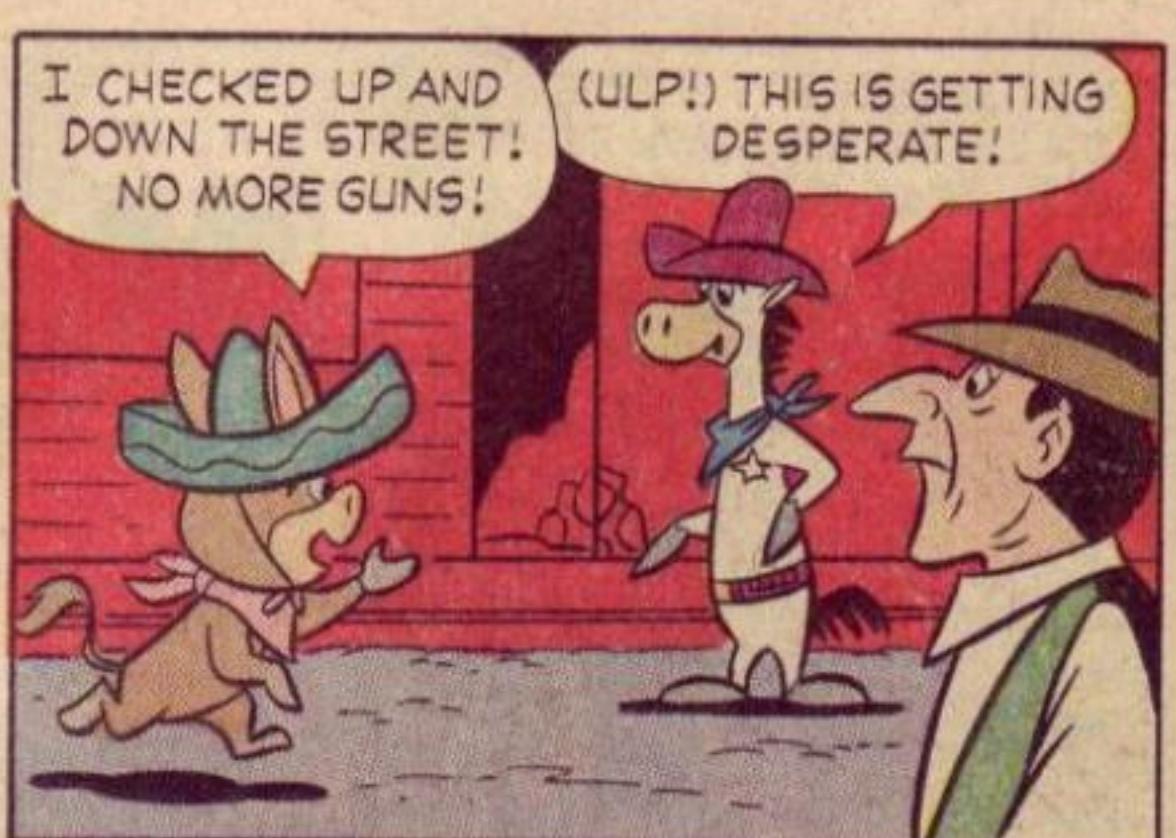
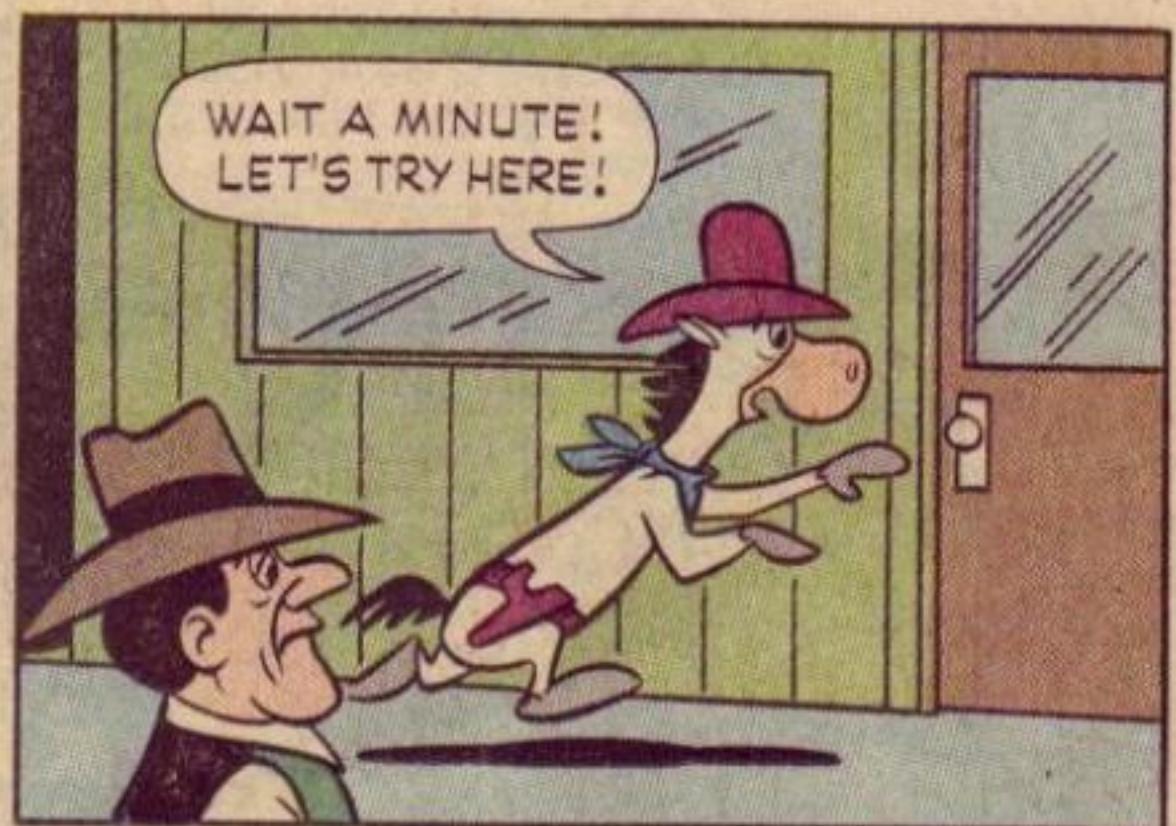
Hanna-Barbera QUICK DRAW McGRAW

TWO TON GUN









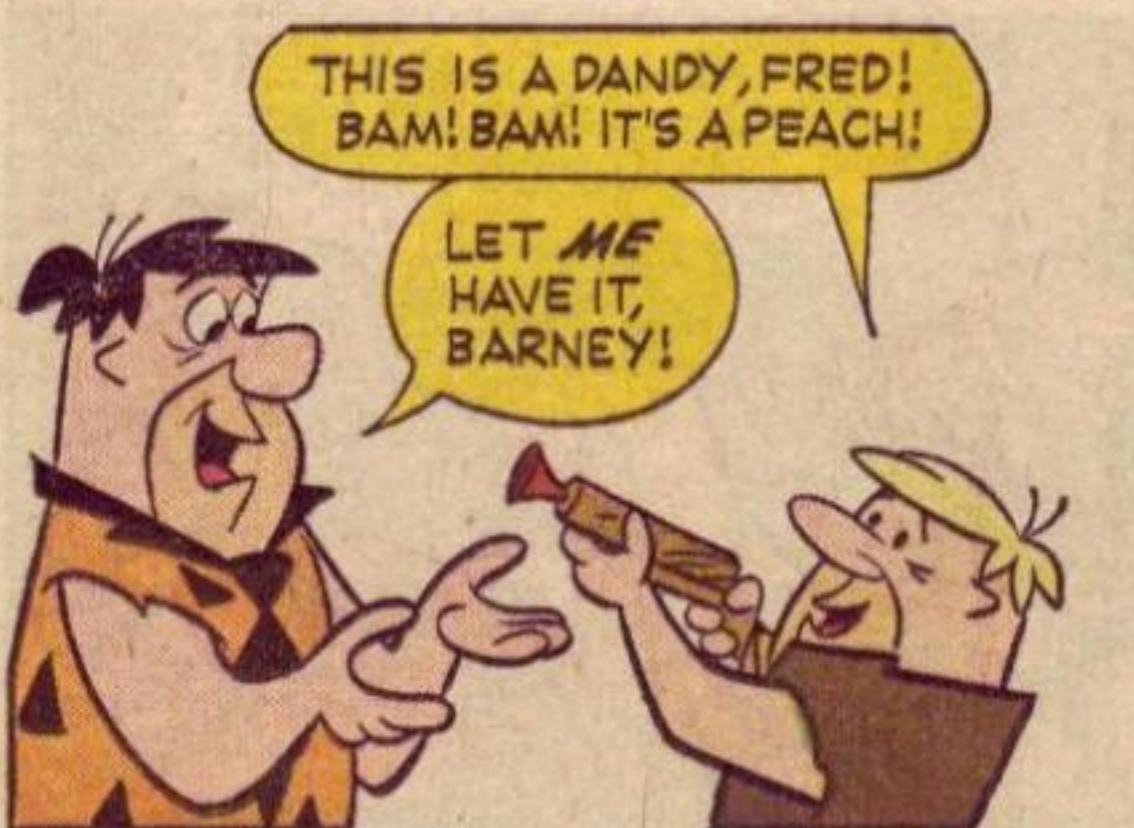
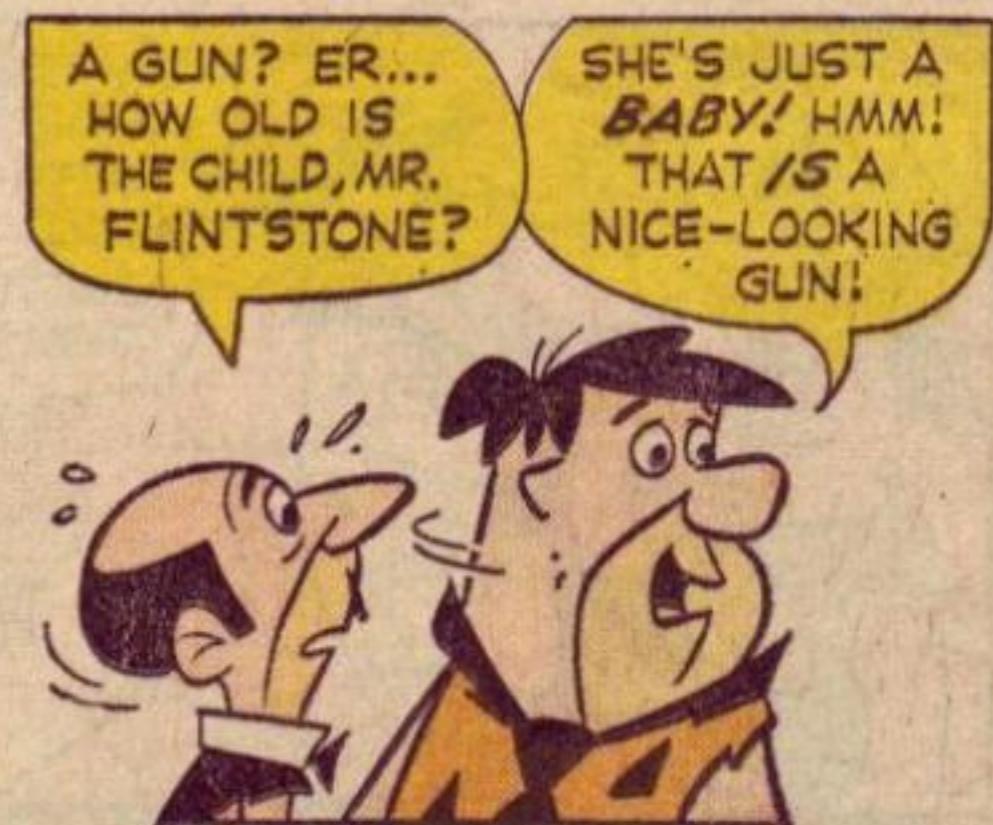
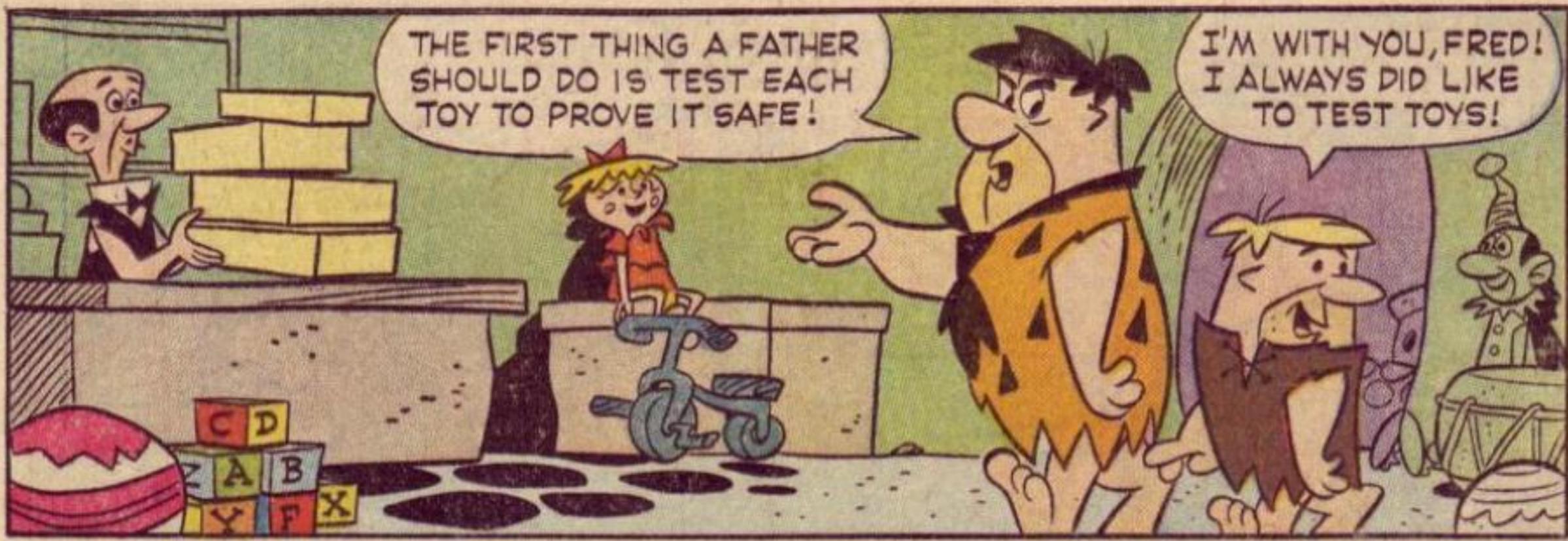
MINUTES LATER...

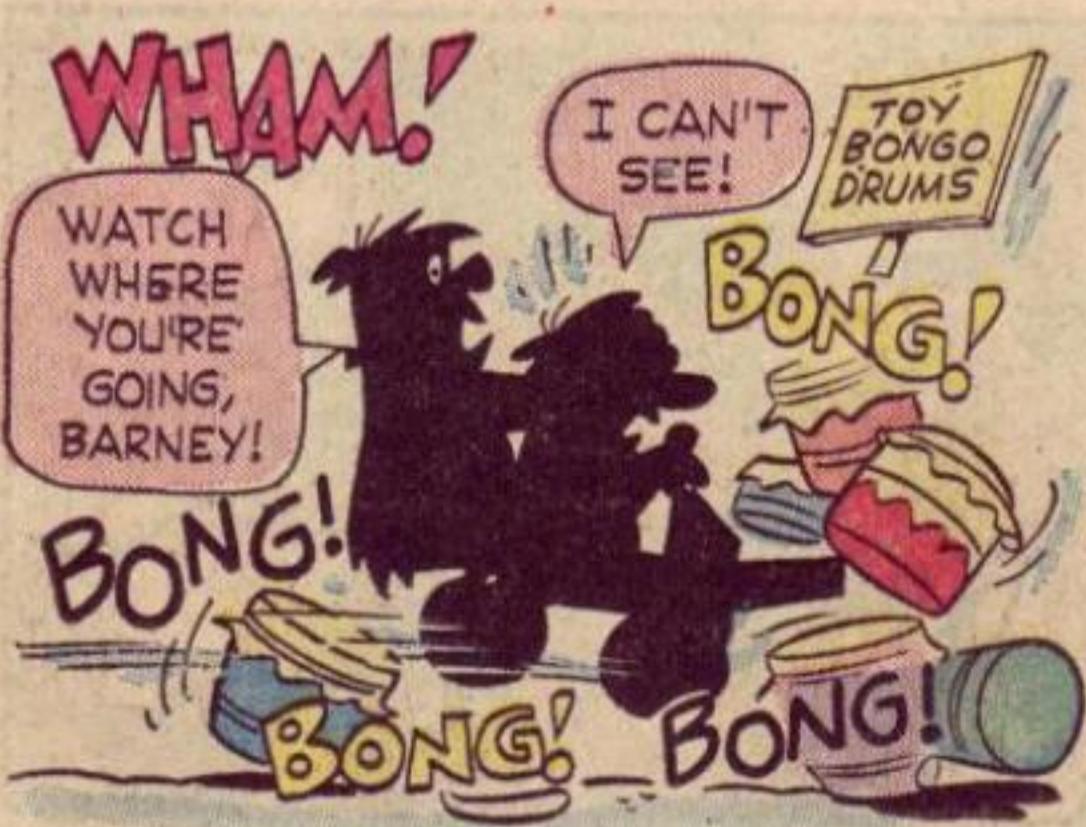
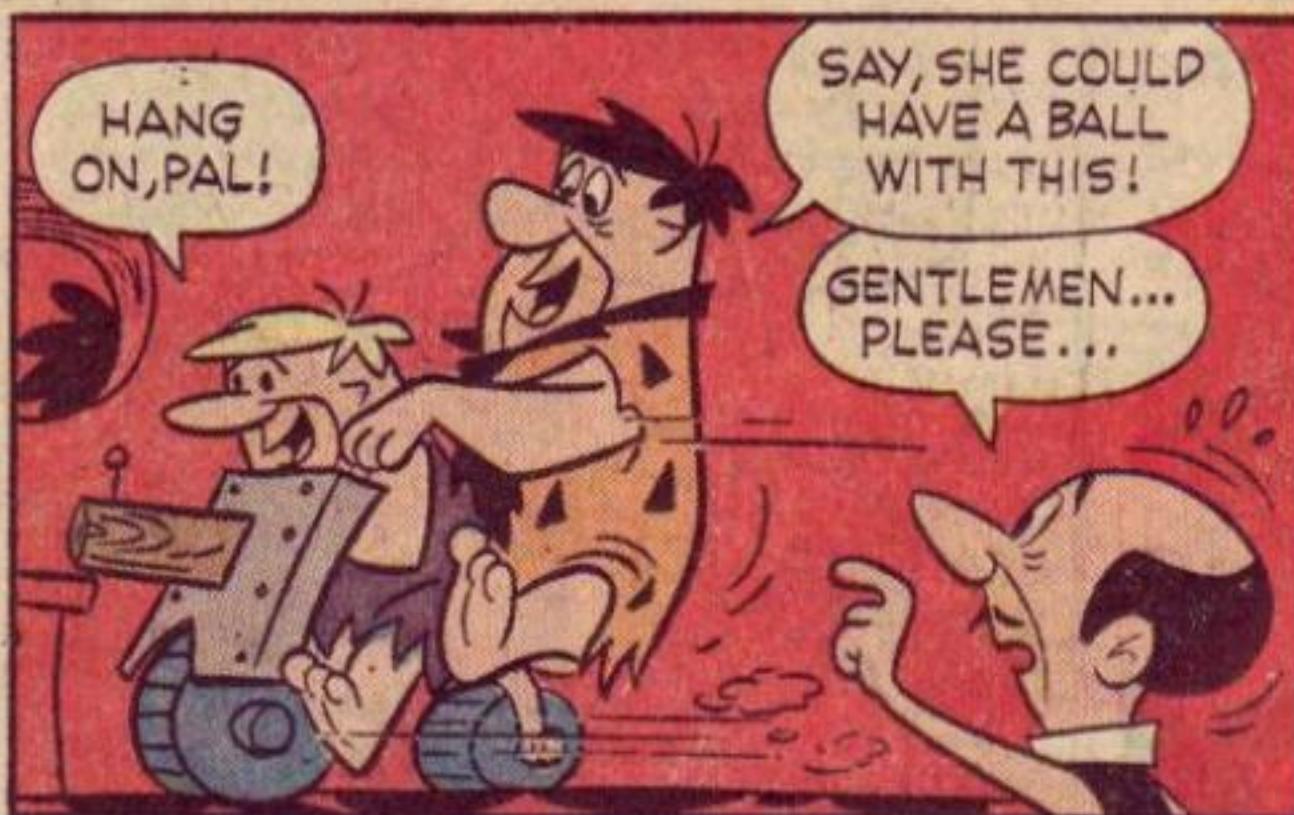
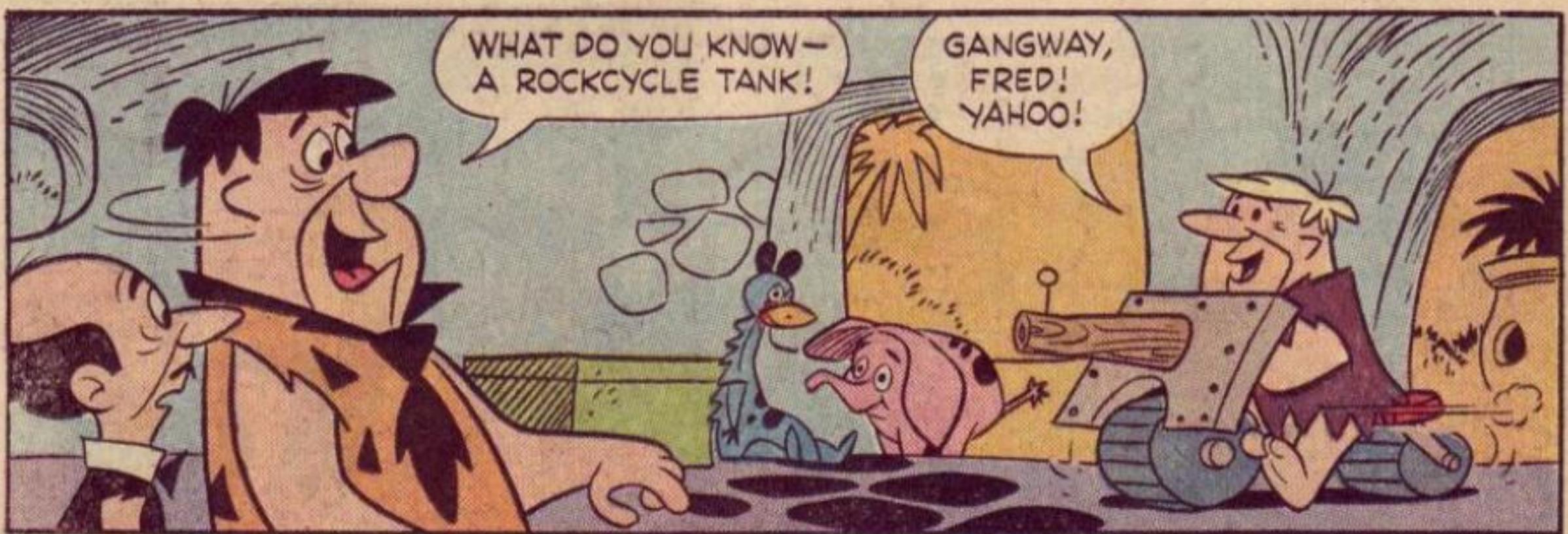


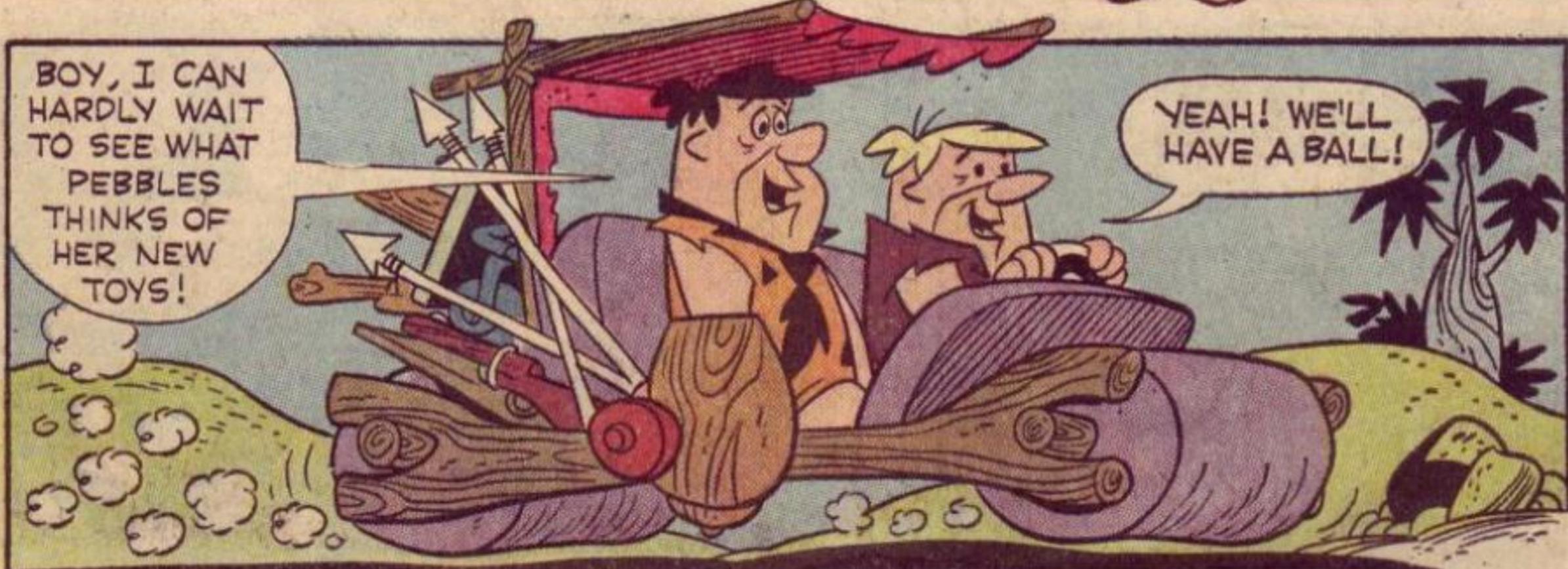
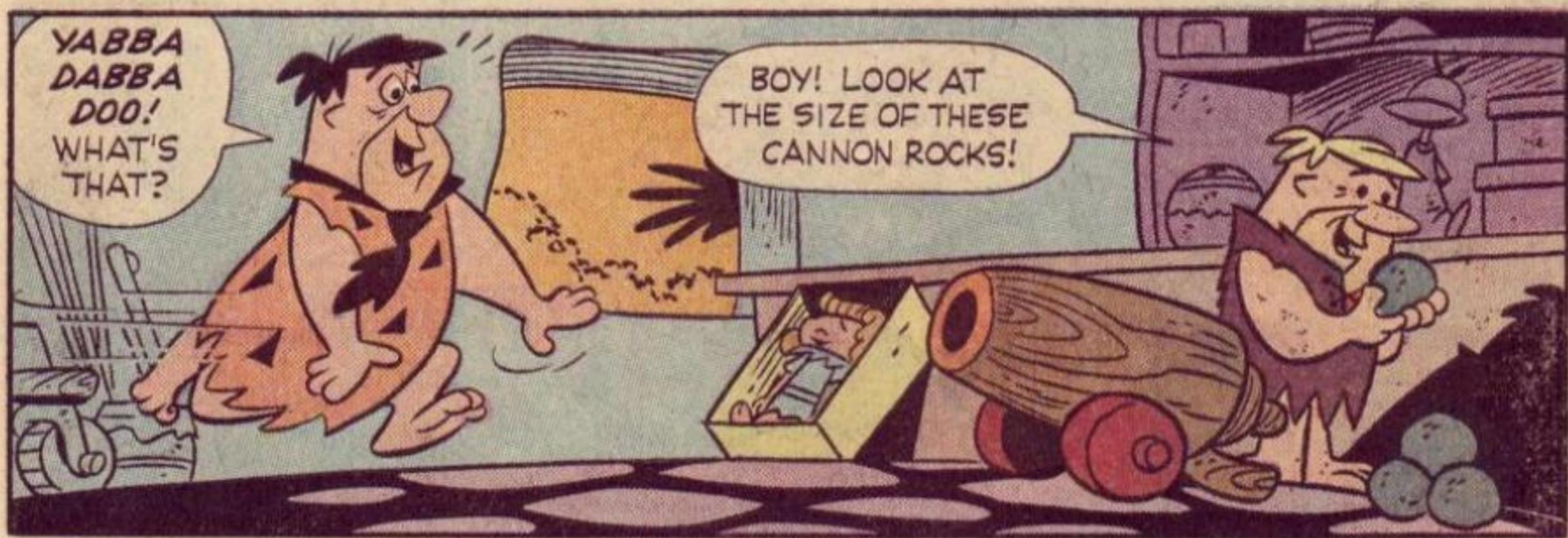
Hanna-Barbera THE FLINTSTONES

FRED'S SECOND CHILDHOOD









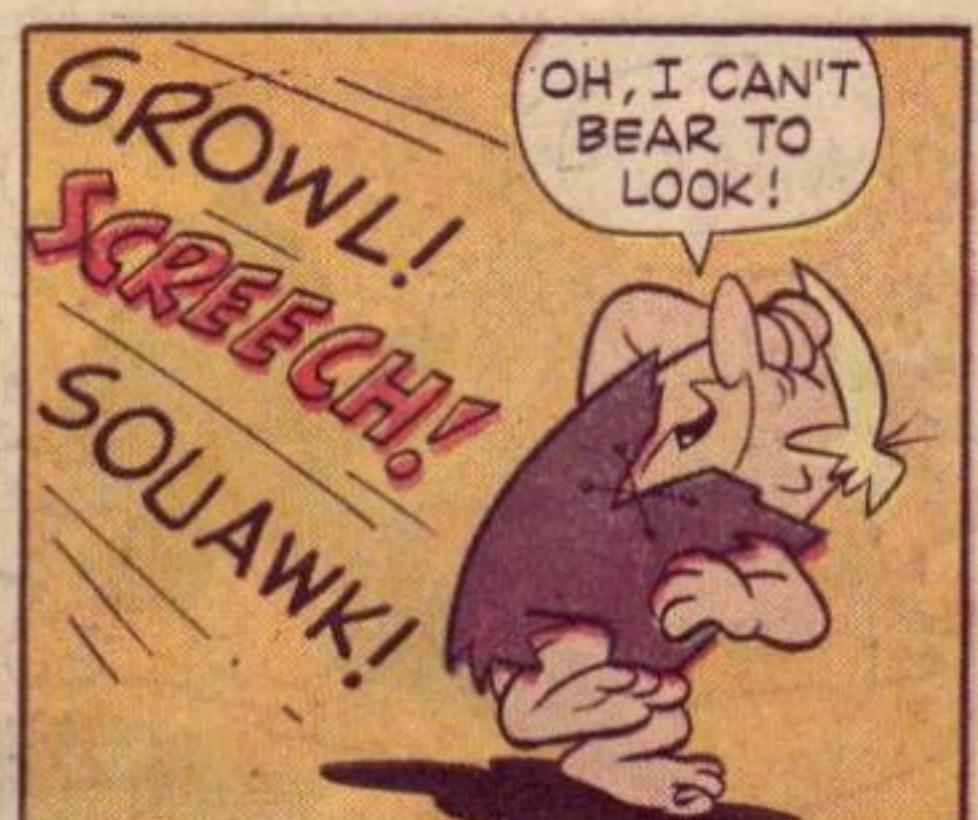


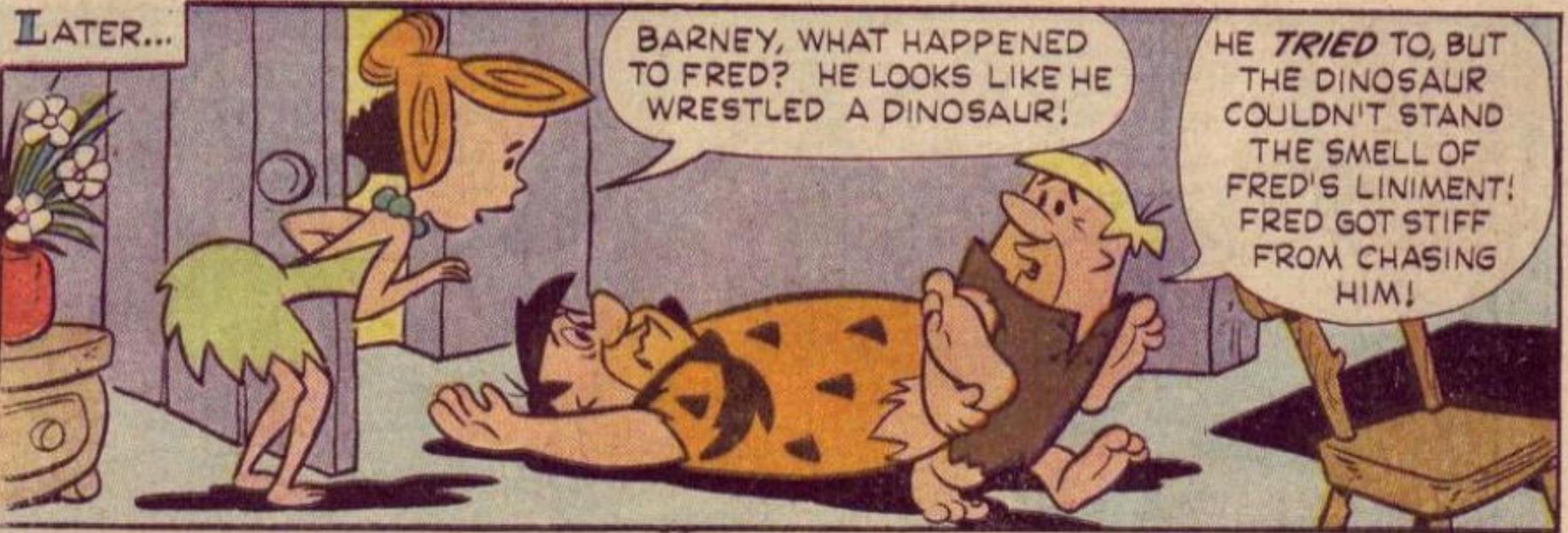


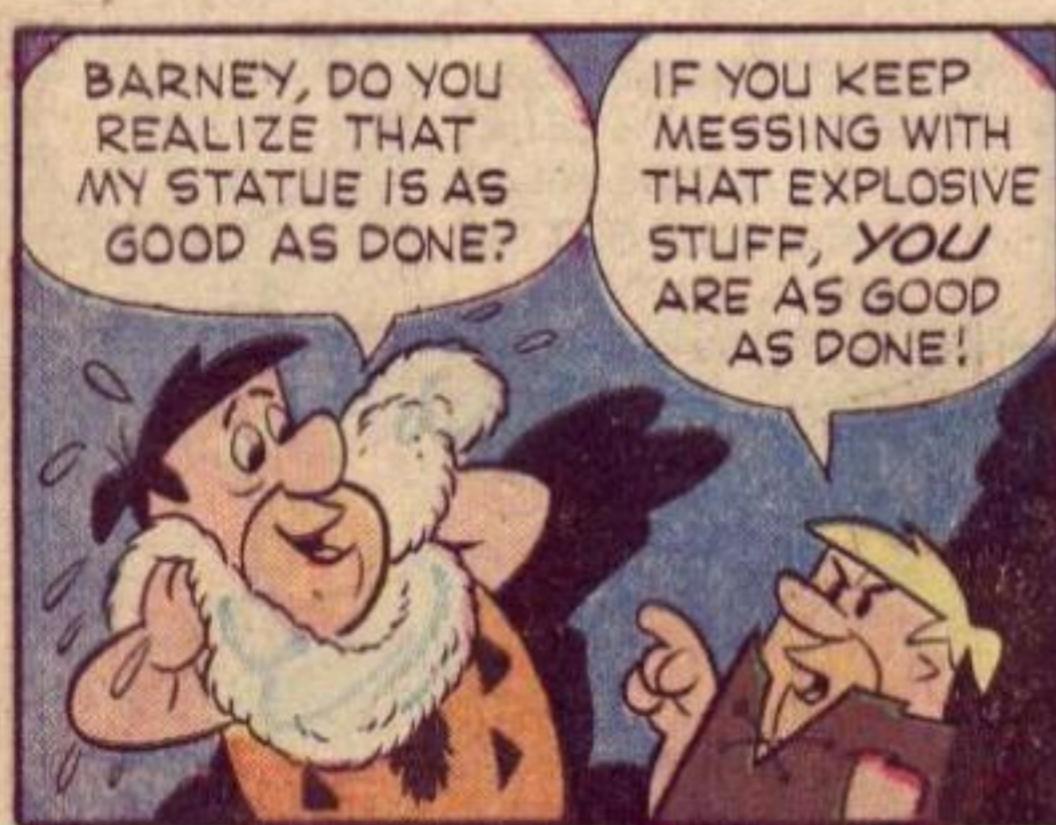
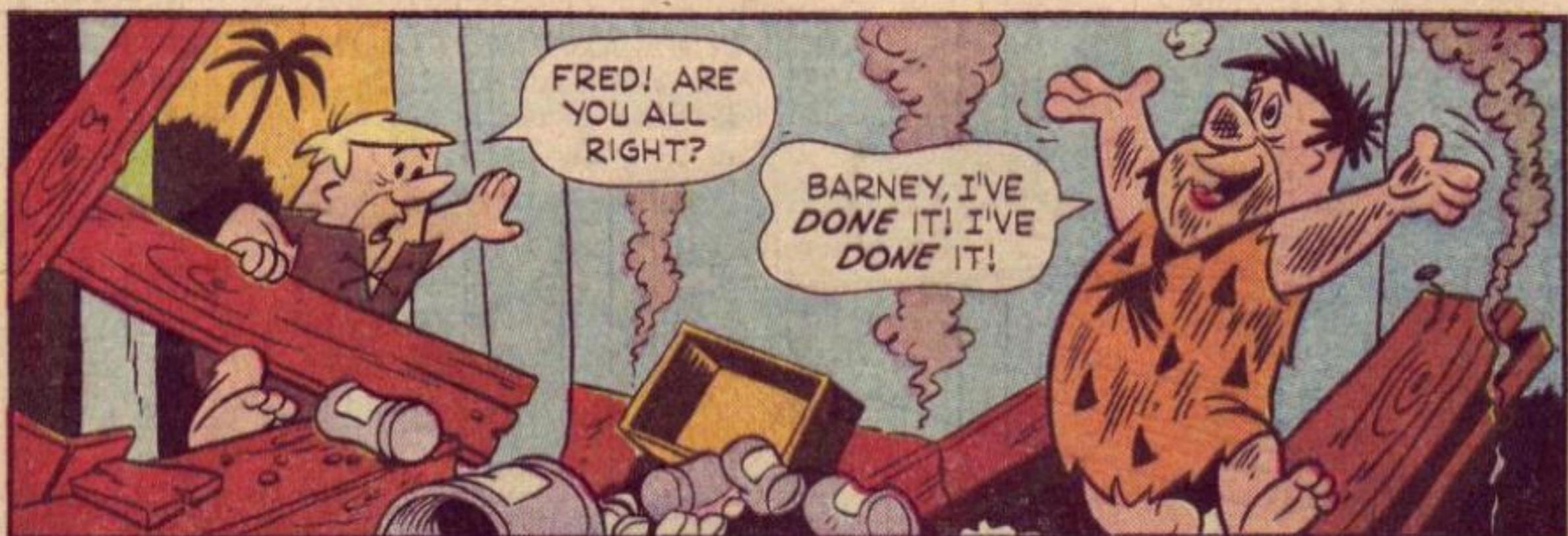
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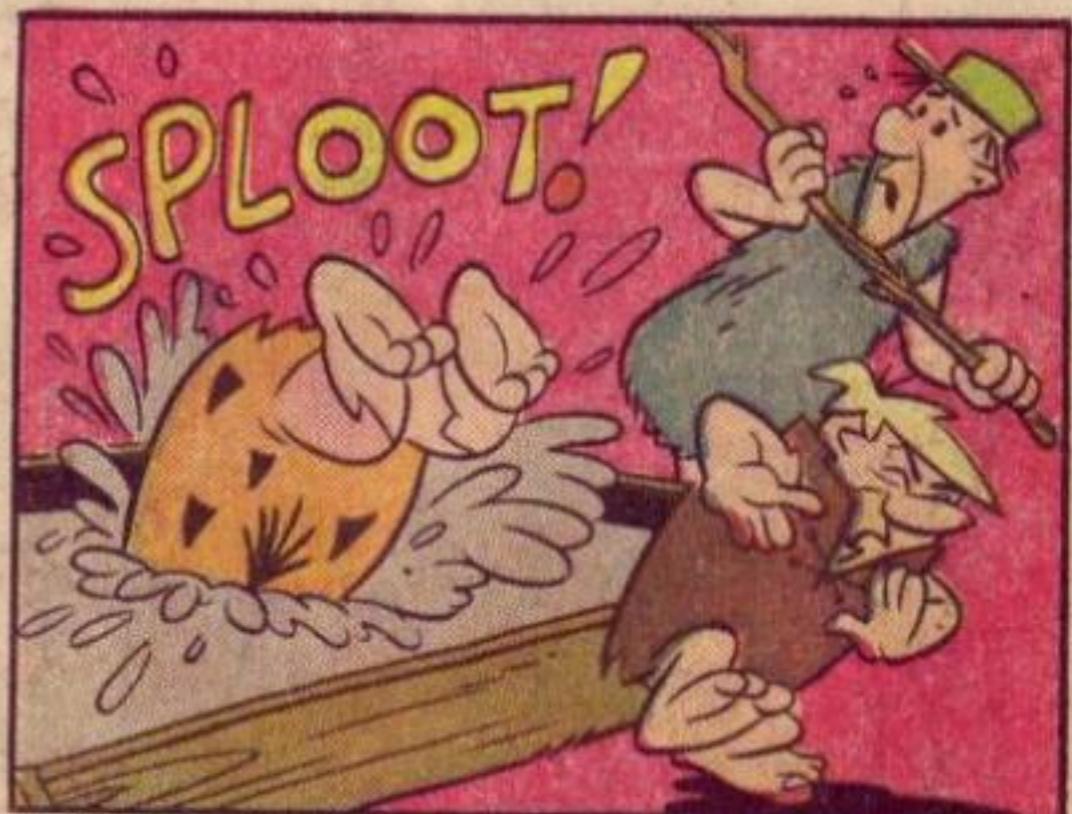
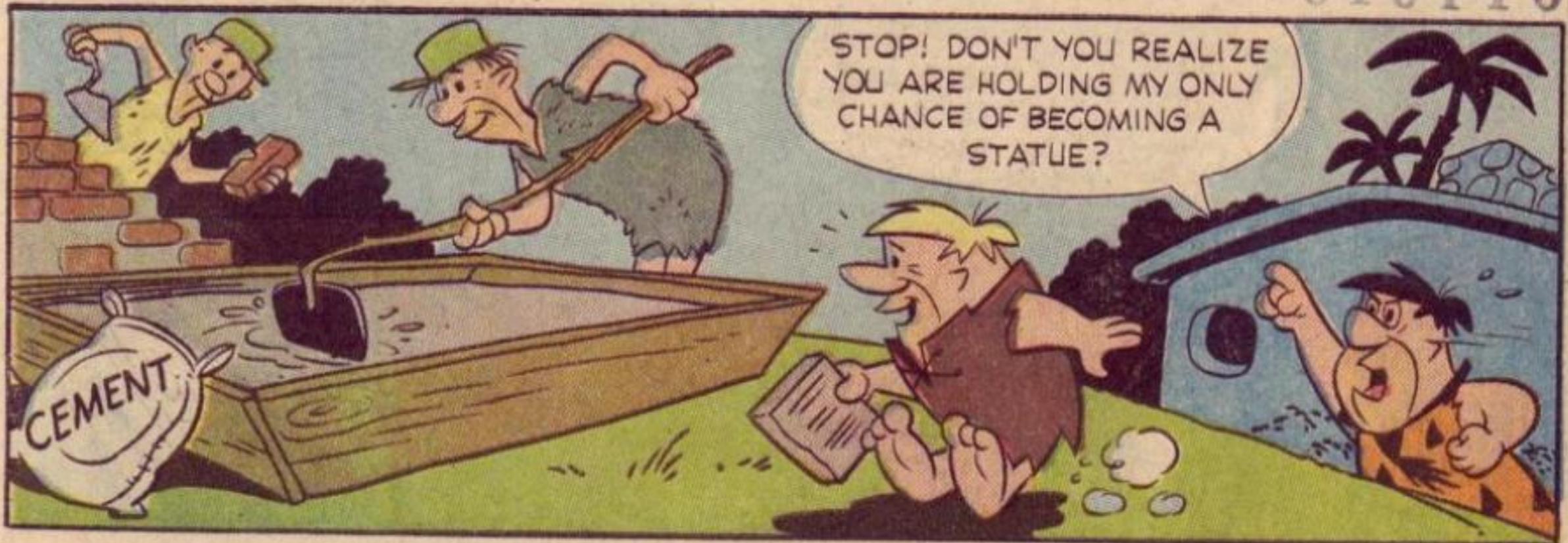
THERE'S THE EASY WAY — AND THEN THERE'S FRED'S WAY













KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

FISH



Sculpins, singularly unattractive, have armored, spiny heads and bodies. At low tide they appear among weeds in rock crevices.



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Their mottled coloring blends with the bottoms where they lie in wait for small fish. Their big mouths snap open like a trap.

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